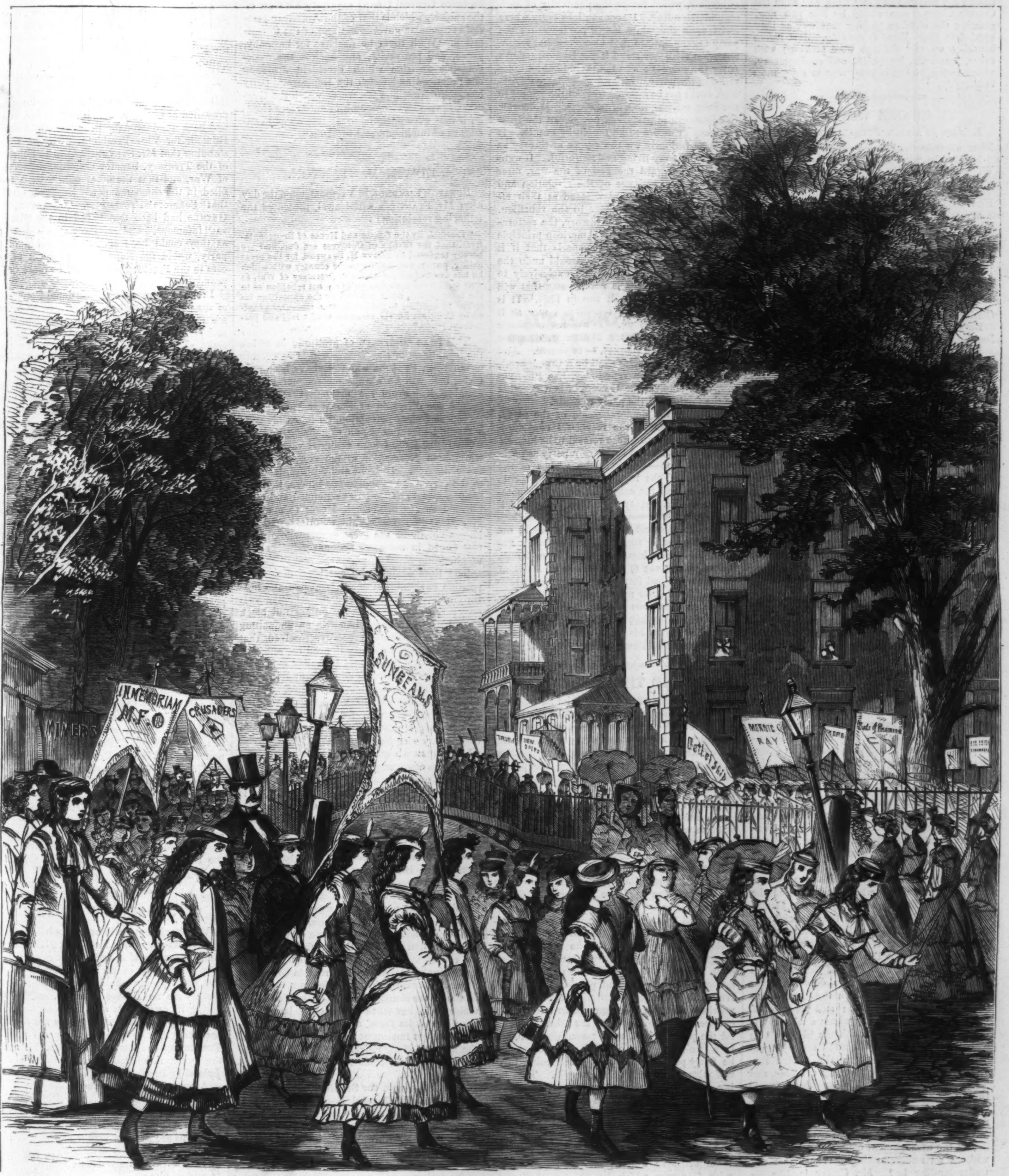
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 598.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.


MINERS
IN MEMORIAM
M.F.
CRUSADERS
SUNBEAMS
TRUTH
Bethel Ship
MORNING RAY
HOPE

PARADE OF THE BROOKLYN SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN, MAY 26, 1868.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE BROOKLYN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE Sunday-school teachers and children of Brooklyn are accustomed each spring to celebrate the anniversary of their Union by a parade; and it is this custom and procession which we illustrate on the preceding page. The Union which is thus celebrated took place in 1829, and was formed in the hope of thereby increasing the power of the schools for good. The Union at this time embraces 112 schools, and about 25,000 children, nearly all of whom were in the procession on May 26, the thirty-ninth anniversary of the Union.

The children early assembled at their respective schools, and after a few hymns and short speeches were marshaled for the parade. Our illustration represents the scene on Montague Terrace. A thousand banners were borne along in the various lines, many of them bearing mottoes quoted from passages in the New Testament, and bearing the titles of the schools and classes in which they were carried. Every school bore a beautiful silk national flag. From the City Hall floated the national and city flags, and from the County Court-House waved its fine new flag, greeting the children passing that way as they hurried to their places of meeting. Just before breaking up the children were provided with cakes, lemonade, ice-cream, and confectionery, which they appeared in every case to enjoy most thoroughly.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

KILLED AT GREAT BETHEL JUNE 10, 1861.

How often in the strange old days,
Before the war's sharp summons blew,
We strolled through all these woodland ways,
While loud the bluebird sang and flew!

How gayly of a thousand things
We talked; and rustling through the leaves,
We sang the songs of other springs,
And dreamed the dreams of summer eves!

To this bold height our footsteps came,
Our eyes beheld that distant sea;
To-day I sit and call his name,
And know he will not answer me.

O friend, beyond this voice of mine,
Beyond these eyes, this baffled hand,
Immortal in a youth divine,
I see thy gracious figure stand.

We do not count each other lost,
Divided though our ways may be;
Two ships by different breezes tost,
Still sailing the familiar sea.

No cloud of death can long obscure,
Nor touch with any doubt or fear,
The love that keeps the old faith pure,
Contented whether there or here.

STATEN ISLAND, *June*, 1868. G. W. C.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE PRESIDENCY.

IN politics as in matrimony nothing should be surprising. The constant reports from Washington of the efforts to make the Chief Justice a Democratic candidate for the Presidency—the announcement from Albany that Mr. SEYMOUR gives the proposition "respectful consideration"—the public approbation of Captain RYNDERS, who "knew him when he was a Democrat," and who knows that "he is now a State-rights Democrat, and is sound on the currency question"—the advocacy of D. W. VOORHEES—the reported sudden popularity of Mr. CHASE among Virginia Conservatives—Mr. CHASE's conspicuous and consuming passion for the Presidency, and the utter bewilderment of the Democratic party in presence of the nomination of GRANT and COLFAX, and of the singularly sagacious action of the Chicago Convention, combine to give importance to a suggestion that would otherwise seem absurd.

Mr. CHASE's public career is identified with the Anti-slavery movement. He was one of the Republican chiefs who utterly baffled the Democratic policy, and overthrew the Democratic party. He originated the financial system of the war, which the Democratic party opposed. He was one of the earliest and frankest supporters of equal suffrage in the Southern States. He is the President of the American Freedmen's Commission. He does not favor any principle or policy which the Democratic party has recently professed; and yet some of the managers of this party whose double cry is repudiation and "Down with the nigger: this is a white man's government!" are trying to compass Mr. CHASE's nomination, which HORATIO SEYMOUR will respectfully consider, and Captain RYNDERS cautiously approves. Could there be any more imposing proof of the utter demoralization of that party, and of its consciousness of the hopelessness of nominating any Democrat against General GRANT?

But the arrangement could not be completed without an understanding. What must that understanding be? Mr. CHASE is, like Mr. SUMNER, politically identified with the negro. Would or could the Democratic party pretend to be the friend of justice to the colored race? It is impossible. Could Mr. CHASE deliberately renounce his fidelity to it? It is equally impossible. What, then, could be done? What is always done when two differing parties are anxious to agree in a common policy? There is a compromise. Suppose the proposition made that the negro is really out of politics; that he is emancipated, has his civil and political rights, is a citizen of reconstructed States, and need not, therefore, be mentioned. Suppose that, upon the presumption of a restored Union, the whole reconstruction problem is considered settled, and a platform of State rights, with planks resounding with retrenchment, reform, a specie currency, and universal amnesty be adopted, and Mr. CHASE placed upon it. In that case he would say nothing against his colored friends; the Democracy would say nothing against reconstruction. The past would be left to bury its dead, and the future alone would be consulted. Is such a compromise probable?

No! There is nothing in the history of the Democratic party, nor in the character of its adherents, which favors the possibility of such an understanding. Its conventions every where insist upon the white man's government; the party organs declare that Congressional reconstruction shall not stand if the Democracy can carry the country; and the prejudice and ignorance of the party, which are essential to its success, could not be aroused without the appeal to the most contemptible of passions. Moreover, the Democratic party has not shown the least tendency or desire to be taught by events. It fights as furiously for the corpse of slavery as it did for slavery living and powerful. It went to Chicago toward the end of the war, after three years' experience of the resolution and spirit of the people, and sneered at their efforts, and advised surrender to the rebellion. It sees the steady logic of history, the restoration of the Union upon the American principle of equal rights, and merely snarls that if it could only get into power it would undo the work and give political rights exclusively to the rebel class. This is not a party that will be wiser in 1868 than it was in 1864. It is as likely to declare for repudiation now as it did for surrender then. It will not nominate a "Conservative," but a Democrat, counting upon Conservative support, as of course. And whether that Democrat shall be a Copperhead, a secessionist, and a repudiator, like PENDLETON, or a soldier like HANCOCK, is a question for the factions of the party to settle.

Whatever the demoralization of the party, therefore—whatever the respectful consideration of a gentleman whose refusal to be himself a candidate is treated by his own party as purely Pickwickian—whatever the wishes of the Chief Justice, the reports of which we speak, the efforts, and the astute editorials, the nomination of Mr. CHASE is not probable. If it could be made it would not divert Republican votes from General GRANT, and it would not unite Democratic votes and differences. For the Chief Justice himself it would be no honor. Indeed, is the use of his name in all kinds of wretched political intrigues altogether an honor? Is it no stain upon that name, that after service so illustrious and fidelity so conspicuous, it should be hawked about—with his consent if not with his wish—among Tammany ring-masters and Pewter Mug bummers?

GRANT AND THE POPULAR WILL.

GENERAL GRANT said in his brief and modest speech accepting the nomination for the Presidency, that if he were elected he should have no policy of his own to interpose against the will of the people. This is a simple recognition of the fact that under our system the people govern. It is in general an admitted truth, but the course of President JOHNSON has made its pointed re-statement necessary. The President, although he is constitutionally only the chief executive, has endeavored in every way to dictate the laws and to impose upon the country, despite its chosen representatives, his will as the national policy. And in this extraordinary, revolutionary, and disastrous course he has had the applause and support of the Democratic party.

General GRANT, therefore, very properly recurs to the principles of the government. He believes that the people make laws through Congress, and execute them through the President. He does not believe that they elect two authorities to thwart and perplex each other. And although the Constitution conservatively provides that the one may, under certain circumstances, veto the will of the other, it is only for the purpose that, upon reconsideration, and by a two-thirds vote, the will of the other may be fairly proved, upon a disputed point, to be undoubtedly the will of the people. That being ascertained, the power of the Executive veto is exhausted, and his duty is to execute the law or to resign.

Had President JOHNSON recognized this fundamental principle of the Constitution of which he so constantly speaks, and followed it in spirit as well as in letter, the contest with Congress which he has so obstinately waged to the immense injury of the public welfare would have been avoided. A President elected for four years who assumes to be the exponent of the popular will against representatives elected every two years commits an act of preposterous folly. Even if his function were legislative this would be so—when it is executive merely it is only the more evident. The question of President JOHNSON's administration has been reconstruction. It was in its very nature a legislative question. But he endeavored to take it wholly into his own discretion, and actually denied in words the authority of Congress to deal with it at all. Had he denied it in acts he would have been summarily removed by the authority he affected to despise.

It is indispensable, therefore, that people should know whether their will expressed through representatives chosen for that purpose is to prevail, or whether the will of an officer chosen by them for another purpose is to be the government. If it be the former, then there will be unity, harmony, peace, and rapidly increasing national prosperity. If it be the latter, the fierce and agitating contest of the JOHNSON administration will be renewed. In one quiet sentence General GRANT expresses his view of the subject, which is that of the American principle of popular government and of the Constitution. With them he declares for harmony, peace, and prosperity, and against the disorganizing doctrine which President JOHNSON has practiced and which the Democratic party has approved. The few words which the General has spoken commend him only more closely, if that were possible, to the respect and confidence of intelligent and loyal men.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, of Vermont, upon the day after Mr. STANTON's withdrawal, presented the following resolution:

> "*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives, that the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered to EDWIN M. STANTON, for the great ability, purity, and fidelity to the country with which he has discharged the duties of Secretary of War, as well amidst the open danger of a great rebellion as in the later period, when assailed by the opposition inspired by hostility to the pacification measures adopted by Congress for the restoration of a real and permanent peace."

This is an expression of gratitude in which the loyal heart of the country will most warmly unite. Mr. STANTON's services have been very great, and will be always most honorably remembered. From the moment that he assumed the direction at the War Department there was a clear perception, an inflexible will, a fertility of resource, an organizing and administrative force whose essential value to the triumphant prosecution of the war can not be overestimated. Diligent and faithful, laboring to the very verge of dangerous illness, the centre of a system of affairs as extended and complicated as any minister had ever to manage, Mr. STANTON never sought notoriety, and was known chiefly by the great events whose progress ended in universal and unconditional triumph.

The time demanded peremptory action, his position exposed him to the suspicion and hostility of every form of the most sensitive jealousy; the shadow of every failure fell black upon his Department; but with an unquailing tenacity and dauntless energy, resolved that every man in the country if need be, and if it depended upon him should be, called into service, Mr. STANTON never doubted, and inspired in others the profoundest confidence. When President LINCOLN was murdered it was the Secretary of War who, for a time, seemed to be the Government, nor was there any body in the country who did not feel that Mr. STANTON was the man whom all would have selected for that exact emergency.

It is since the war that Mr. STANTON's conduct has been most severely criticised. It is complained that he remained in the War Department against the wishes of the President. So he did; but not against the wishes of the country. It was declared that his position was disgraceful, indecent, indelicate toward the President. But the question was not of delicacy to the President, but of duty to the country. When Mr. STANTON discovered that the President was a man who was betraying the principles that had elected him, and that he was endeavoring under the name of a policy of reconstruction to baffle the results of the war, his course was taken, and taken as it should have been. He resolved to remain so long as he could lawfully do so. He may have had doubts of the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office Act; but when it became a law he acknowledged its force, and his post having become a most important point in the defense of the liberties of the citizen against the efforts of the President, he could not leave it until compelled to do so.

When, however, the Senate decided that the appointment of General THOMAS as *ad interim* Secretary was not a high crime and misdemeanor, it certainly seemed to determine that it was not a violation of law, or at least that no violation had been proved. In view of the express declaration of Senator SHERMAN and other Senators during the debate upon the passage of the Tenure Act, that the Secretary of War was not included in its terms, it is not surprising that upon the Impeachment verdict Mr. STANTON felt that the vote confirmed that view, and that he ought to relinquish his office. He chose not to resign, and not to recognize the appointment of General THOMAS, and placing all the papers of the Department in the hands of the Adjutant-General, subject to the order of the President, he retired.

Yet in his retirement, whatever its precise form, he is followed by the grateful regard of the country—a regard which tradition will perpetuate, and which recent events have not diminished. The duty that he discharged in resisting rebellion in the Cabinet of JAMES BUCHANAN he has continued to discharge in resisting treachery under every form in that of ANDREW JOHNSON. He has few of the arts that conjure ordinary popularity; but Mr. STANTON's name will be forever associated with those of LINCOLN and GRANT at the most critical and sublime period in our history.

A PARTY VIEW.

THE papers report that Senators WADE, CHANDLER, CATTELL, and some others left a caucus of their party brethren because six of the Republican Senators who voted for the acquittal of the President were present.

Surely these Senators and the sensible men of the party ought to ask themselves whether this policy is wise. Suppose that its logic had prevailed at Chicago. Suppose that Mr. WADE had been nominated for President and General BUTLER for Vice-President, with the understanding that Mr. STEVENS was to be Secretary of the Treasury, Senator CHANDLER Secretary of War, and that the other offices were to be filled in the same manner. Suppose, further, that Senators FESSENDEN, TRUMBULL, and GRIMES had been denounced in the platform as "infamous," and solemnly expelled, so far as they could be, from the fellowship of the party, would the Republican prospect of success in the Presidential election be more or less promising?

It seems to us after the National Convention of the party has deliberately refused to repudiate the Senators in question, that Mr. WADE and Mr. CHANDLER and Mr. CATTELL have no right, as party men, to refuse them the party fellowship; and should their conduct be widely followed, should the Senators who honestly voted for acquittal upon the evidence, and those who maintain the duty of conscientious public action as paramount to obedience to certain party associates be thrust from party sympathy, what can possibly be gained but a reduced vote and an imperiled success?

Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS said, upon the floor of the House, as reported, that he did not think a little perjury would hurt the Senators. Is, then, a little perjury in the discharge of public duty to be also a party test; and must all who are unwilling to perjure themselves a little prepare to depart from Republican fellowship?

This seems to us mere childish folly. Mr. WADE is a stern and stanch Republican, whose position has never been obscure, and whose speech in the very beginning of the rebel tempest in Congress in the winter of 1860–61 was a calm and brave assertion of the principles that the war maintained. Such services are not to be forgotten. But the cause demands every kind of service. If Mr. CHASE is unwilling, from whatever reason, longer to act with the great party with which his name is most honorably identified, let us hope that Mr. WADE will not yield to any impulse, however natural and pardonable it may seem, which will make his political associates regret his action. The cause of true liberty and civilization in this country is now intrusted to the Republican party and its candidates. Whoever will support them is not to be repelled because of differences upon points not vital, and which the national party authority has refused to adopt as articles of party faith. We gladly record that this truth was recognized by the great ratification meeting at the Cooper Institute in New York by the omission from the resolutions of all denunciation of the dissenting Senators.

JUDGED BY ITSELF.

WE should not again have alluded to the late flagrant offenses of the New York *Tribune* against public morality if it had not attempted to escape the censure of intelligent men by sneering that some people would have nothing to do if there were no *Tribune* to abuse, and by swallowing its own words with the assertion that it never uttered them. A charge is not disproved because it may be repeated to a proverb. DICK TURPIN was not less a thief because his name is the synonym of robber. Let the *Tribune* be judged by itself.

After the first vote was taken, the *Tribune* said:

> "We concede the right and the duty of each Senator to vote (however mistakenly) as he saw fit."

Let us see in what way it had conceded this right. It headed its article upon the opinion of Senator GRIMES, "JUDAS's thirty reasons." It said of him:

> "We have had BENEDICT ARNOLD, AARON BURR, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and now we have JAMES W. GRIMES."
>
> "He is governed by nothing but passion and chagrin."

> "....Make him an example to renegades for all time to come."
>
> "Grimes is dead."

The gross ribaldry of the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, in speaking of Senator Grimes, we shall not again reproduce. It was a disgrace to American journalism.

In its series of articles before the vote, and intended to influence the verdict, it said:

> "To presume that any Republican will deliberately vote to acquit Mr. Johnson is to assume that hitherto his course has been a fraud. The cant we hear about the responsibility of an oath is absurd."
>
> "No Republican can vote against it [conviction] without making himself infamous."
>
> "If Johnson is acquitted then the whole course of these men is a lie, and their deception is infamous."
>
> "If they have been honest in this, then impeachment is as sure as the sun."
>
> "Any Republican vote but one of impeachment is therefore a lie."
>
> "The Republican who votes against it seeks a lot with the men who have warred and plotted for the destruction of the Republic."
>
> "The Republican Senator who rises in his seat to-morrow and votes not guilty virtually says, 'I am the same as Andrew Johnson....His deeds are my deeds; his speeches are my speeches....The massacres in New Orleans and Memphis....now receive my commendation'...Republican Senators....may well pause before, by their votes, they write their names with the infamous and degraded men who in times of national trial sought to betray their country."
>
> "If Benedict Arnold were a Senator to-day, elected by Republican votes, and moved by dissatisfied ambition, or a morbid, insatiate greed of office, we should hear of him, highly impressed with the sacredness of the President's office, eager to discuss the question of the President's intent, and painfully conscious of the responsibility of his oath. A decisive amount of money would finish him."

This is a specimen of the tone of a series of articles of the *Tribune* before the verdict. After the vote it said that it conceded the right and the duty of each Senator to vote (however mistakenly) as he saw fit. The statement is not true, and the proof is in the words we have quoted.

When the Senate finally adjourned as a Court of Impeachment the *Tribune* called the judgment "a tainted verdict." It meant by this that it was a verdict obtained by corrupt means: by influences not addressed to the reason or conscience of the Senators. It said: "All we know is that money was used to secure the acquittal of the President." If this assertion be true, and there is a Committee of the House and one of the Senate now engaged in the investigation, there is no doubt that any Senator whose vote was influenced by improper considerations will be promptly expelled and forever disgraced.

But improper influences are of more than one kind. Men are influenced by their fears, by threats, by denunciations; they are bribed by their ambition. There is no moral difference between the honesty of one man whose vote is bought with money and that of another who, scorning money, yields to promise and place. It was not with guineas only that Sir Robert Walpole and Lord North corrupted Parliament. Now the *Tribune's* constant reiteration of the guilt of "Republican" Senators who voted according to their sense of duty; its summons to the party in Iowa to make an example of Mr. Grimes as a renegade; its warning that Republican Senators who did not vote to convict must expect to be ranked with rebels and look for promotion outside of the party; its assertion that a Republican vote for acquittal was a lie; that the Republican party speaking by its papers, its orators, and its conventions, was a unit for impeachment, were all parts of a palpable and shameful attempt to influence a judicial decision by motives of political interest and ambition; an attempt intended to reach and affect men whom the *Tribune* knew that money could not buy, but whom political ambition might seduce or party censure terrify. Could this effort, which was as much an attempt at corruption as that made with money by the Astor House ring, have succeeded in carrying the vote of Mr. Fessenden or of Mr. Trumbull or of Mr. Grimes against his sincere conviction, the verdict of the Senate would have been as much "tainted" as the *Tribune* declares it to be now, and a Senate controlled against its judicial oath by party terrorism would have deserved the doom which any Senator known to be bought with money is sure to meet.

This is not, as the *Tribune* affects to suppose, "a fine frenzy." It is the verdict of the great body of honorable and intelligent citizens upon its recent immoral course, to which we hope to have no further occasion to allude. But, in the interest of Liberty, which has its surest bulwark in the moral sentiment and in that of the Republican party, which maintains liberty and justice, we shall not fail to expose every such betrayal both of the cause and the party, especially when made by an influential journal.

THE LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE.

The letter of General Grant, accepting the nomination, is brief, dignified, and simple. He approves the resolutions of the Convention, and promises, if elected, that his endeavor will be to give peace and protection to the country—a promise which, from him, is not a mere unmeaning phrase. He is one of the men whose words are things. The General does not undertake to prescribe a policy. He declares that the President must be free to execute the will of the people. This, as we have elsewhere intimated, is the true doctrine of our Government, and it is the one upon which the Republican party has constantly insisted in the contest with President Johnson. The General does not enter into detail, but states his belief that the resolutions of the Convention express the sentiment of those who sustained the Government during the war, and accepts the nomination in the spirit in which it is offered.

> Washington, *May* 29, 1868.
>
> *To General Joseph R. Hawley, President National Union Republican Convention:*
>
> In formally accepting the nomination of the National Union Republican Convention of the 21st of May instant, it seems proper that some statement of views beyond the mere acceptance of the nomination should be expressed. The proceedings of the Convention were marked with wisdom, moderation, and patriotism, and, I believe, express the feelings of the great mass of those who sustained the country through its recent trials. I indorse the resolutions. If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet, and protection every where. In times like the present it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising; the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall. Peace, and universal prosperity its sequence, with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace.
>
> With great respect, your obedient servant,
>
> U. S. Grant.

Mr. Colfax writes at greater length, and with more ardor. He enters into a brief survey of the reconstructive legislation of Congress, which he heartily justifies; applauds the impregnable position of equal rights upon which the Republican party is planted; warmly approves the declaration in favor of foreign-born citizens; and briefly and eloquently recapitulates the good works of the party. It is a glowing, characteristic letter, but rather too long for our space.

With two such men how enthusiastically and confidently the great party of liberty and justice and progress enters upon its campaign! But we must not forget that enthusiasm will not supply the want of organization, nor confidence of hard work. Let the country be as thoroughly canvassed as it was in 1864, that the victory may be as signal. Our line of battle should be fully formed while the enemy is deciding under which commander it will be defeated.

THE PLATFORM AND REPUDIATION.

Mr. Cary in Congress, and a great many Democratic journals, insist that the declaration of the Chicago Convention in regard to the payment of the debt is vague and intentionally delusive. Mr. Cary, who is a repudiator, offered a resolution covering the position taken by General Butler last summer, which is an attempt by an apparently fair literal reading of the law to pay part of the debt in paper, or, in a word, not to pay the whole of it in gold. Congress very promptly declined to entertain the suggestion.

There has been no more doubt in any honest mind of the meaning of the Chicago resolution than of the intention of the law itself. The honest opinion of the country has always been that the Government meant to pay in gold dollars the dollars it borrowed. Every body knows that, had the law been explained at the time as meaning payment in paper, the loans could not have been raised. Mr. Chase, and Mr. M'Culloch, and all the agents of the Department, explained when the question was raised that the intention was as honorable as could be imagined. The foreign holders took their share of the loan upon the same understanding.

Therefore, when the resolutions of the Convention emphatically declared that the spirit as well as the language of the law must be respected, there was but one interpretation fairly possible. The doctrine of General Butler was built upon a verbal quibble. It was an ingenious lawyer's plea. It was pettifogging, not statesmanship. The ringing, prolonged, and immense cheering with which the Convention saluted the reading of the resolution showed how true were the heart and the conscience of the party, and the skillful sophistries that had been hung like cobwebs around the subject were instantly and forever dispersed. But the party that sees repudiation lying like a lion in its path could not bear to think that its opponent had already disposed of it, and have made a few feeble struggles to show that when the Convention said honesty it meant knavery.

The subject, however, was put even beyond the cavil of party malignity in the eloquent and truly inspiring and honorable speech of General Hawley in announcing the nomination to General Grant. "You will see," said he, "that the Convention believes that integrity, simplicity, and economy in governmental affairs are the duties of good citizens and honorable men. It makes the strict fulfillment of national obligations a point of honor never to be waived. *What the civilized world recognizes as full and final payment is the only payment the Union party will ever consent to tender.*"

There is no mistaking such words. They are indeed the authorized interpretation of the resolution, although such interpretation is not necessary. The resolution so interpreted General Grant approves. The Republican party approves it. Honest men every where approve it. It is in harmony with the honorable instincts of human society. Any other view of it would be a disgrace to the United States and a disaster to civilization.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELERS.

We warn all travelers who buy in New York tickets to Chicago by the sleeping-cars upon the Pennsylvania Central Railroad to look closely and be very sure that they are not deceived. A passenger recently bought a state-room of three berths upon a particular train, and upon presenting herself at the hour, showing her ticket, and asking for her room, was shown into a room with six berths, half of which were occupied. To her remonstrance the guard said that that was her place, and if she wished to be alone with her companions, she might pay eight dollars more, which, finding that there was no alternative, she did. When complaint was made at the office in the Astor House the agent claimed the right to sell half a state-room for a whole one, and remarked that in this particular instance he happened to forget to mention that it was only the half, which was the more remarkable, as the buyer distinctly stated that a whole state-room was wished, in which the travelers might be entirely secluded. If some disinterested person should call the proceeding a wretched swindle, we really do not see what satisfactory answer could be made to him. And to avoid the consequences arising from this extremely defective memory, we again advise Western travelers not to buy their tickets over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad at the office in the Astor House.

Since this illustration of lapse of memory came to our knowledge we have received the following from one who travels constantly:

> "Sir,—It is so very human to err that it is not surprising that mistakes happen daily where care is taken to prevent them; but it *is* surprising that in the matter of petty swindles (mistakes!) upon travelers so little is done by those interested to prevent it. Here is a case in point: Recently in a sleeping-car I engaged a berth. The price was $1—for I have frequently been over the route—but when I came to pay the conductor it had suddenly risen to $1 50. Here is another case: Going from Syracuse to Albany I entered the saloon-car, previously asking the *train* conductor the extra rate. 'Fifty cents,' was the reply. When I went into the car the porter was extracting some boiled beets from a sort of chest for his dinner. Upon asking him the fare he replied promptly, bolting a piece of beet, 'One dollar.' Upon my suggesting to him that he was possibly mistaken he reflected very earnestly for a moment, and then, with a charming frankness, responded, 'Oh yes! it's fifty cents.' As I said before, Sir, mistakes will happen, but I do not like to be the victim of them. It would be more satisfactory to travelers, and quite as remunerative to corporations, if printed rates of fare were conspicuously posted in every sleeping-car or other public conveyance, so that people would know what was right. If they desired to give the conductor fifty cents extra for his poor mother, that would be an act of charity which no one would raise a voice against.
>
> "The instances above given are only two of many which call for correction. It is easily done in them, and that is a reason why it should be. E. P. W."

SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION.

Mr. A. Gallatin Lawrence, United States Minister to Costa Rica, having violated the act of Congress forbidding dueling within the District of Columbia, has been superseded by the nomination of a successor. The Secretary of State has also advised the Prussian Minister that Baron Von Kusserow, the Secretary of Legation, and Count Loteum, an attaché, have been guilty of the same violation of law, and has requested that the fact be communicated to the Prussian Government, that the Baron and the Count may be made sensible of its displeasure.

This is another dying gasp of Middle Age barbarism in Washington. Slaves are no longer sold there, and efforts at mutual murder are punished. Shall we not now have some exquisite Jeames bewailing the decline of the "social tone" of Washington, and lamenting the delightful days when "chivalry" was supreme?

POOR WHITES AND BLACKS.

In a late generalization we incorrectly estimated the number of Freedmen who had received national aid, and we are very glad to publish the following correction by a most competent authority:

> "Greenville, Alabama.
>
> "....The charity of the nation has been bestowed almost entirely through the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau. My own knowledge of facts, gained while serving as an officer of the Bureau for three years, is wholly at variance with your statement. It has been a rule of action in the two Sub-Districts of Alabama, which have been successively under my control, embracing in all fourteen counties, to issue supplies to none of the negro population but those incapable of earning a livelihood by reason of actual disability, temporary or permanent. More than three-fifths of the whole amount has been issued to whites, in whose favor the rule has been construed far less rigidly than with the blacks for obvious reasons, principally on account of their manifest inability to endure the toil of plantation labor.
>
> "The blacks who have been a charge upon the Government, so far as my observation has extended, are, as a class, identical with those unfortunates who in the Northern States are cared for as paupers by the local authorities. As is well known, the Southern States had no public charities under slavery, and upon the plea of impoverishment most of the counties declare themselves unable to assume the support of the public poor. It is the truth, however, that they are quite as unwilling as unable; and further, that the tender mercies of ex-masters toward their profitless ex-slaves would be likely to put the worst annals of British Unions to shame...."

THE COOPER ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Our friends of the National Academy of Design must look to their laurels. There is rising another Academy of Design at the Cooper Institute; and the industry, interest, and skill which it has already developed, and the works which it is already producing, promise a dangerous rivalry. It is a school of women only; apparently not widely known, nor exciting much interest beyond the immediate circle of the pupils and their friends, but deserving the most thoughtful attention. Its annual exhibition, with the commencement exercises of the Cooper Union, was held during the last week in May in the great gallery of the Cooper Building, and the prizes and medals for excellence in the fine arts were publicly presented. The exercises and exhibition altogether occupy three days and evenings. There is a reception which is always crowded, and so is the meeting for the award of prizes. But the fact of the exhibition is practically unknown to the great public, so that the work of the art-school is not appreciated.

The classes in drawing and sculpture are under the charge of Dr. Rimmer, undoubtedly one of the best of teachers. He is master of his subject, and his method is thorough and severe. Its results are evident in the works exhibited. The young women come from all parts of the country and pursue a regular course. Besides the technical excellence of their work, the freedom of invention is very striking. Indeed, in the sculpture of this year, the talent displayed was remarkable. The figure of a glorified martyr of life-size, a statuette of Cinderella, and a life-size Andromeda watching the combat between Perseus and the monster, were works that in the National Academy would have made the Sculpture Gallery a popular resort. Dr. Rimmer truly said that were the Andromeda to be found without the head in an old ruin, it would be admired as a noble specimen of classic art.

Another year we hope to call attention to the exhibition betimes.

WANTED—A LEG.

The Surgeon-General has replied to the following letter that it is impossible for him under the law to furnish another leg to the soldier mentioned, who is worthy of the aid requested:

> "Sir,—I beg to inquire whether in any case a wooden leg would be given by the Government to an honorably discharged soldier a second time, and to state as my reason for inquiring that Charles Berkley, late of Company E, First Regiment, United States Colored Infantry, who lost his right leg before Petersburg in 1865, and subsequently received one of the substitutes that Uncle Sam supplies, broke it by falling from a hay-loft, and sustained such serious injuries as unfitted him for work through the past winter. Now he is recovering, and his wife, who has stood by him as faithfully as he stood by his country, is trying to raise money to equip him again; but it's hard work and slow—as slow and hard as taking a city by siege—and so I thought as it isn't often a soldier loses two legs, and still has one leg—the left one too, by-the-way—Uncle Sam might give him another; and, if he must mention a reason with it, say that it was the one which some other soldier might have lost, but, by a kind Providence, didn't. Of how many thousands could that be said as well as of you and
>
> "Yours, respectfully,
>
> "Crammond Kennedy,
>
> "Late Chaplain Seventy-ninth Highlanders, New York Vols."

Mr. Kennedy gladly subscribes five dollars toward buying the leg that he might himself have lost. And if any other good man who went to the war and returned with both legs, or who did not go but sent a substitute, or who, unable to do either, worked and prayed for those who did, wishes to help this soldier, and will send the money to the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*, it will be faithfully applied to buying the leg.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The Senate voted, on May 30, to extend the time allowed for the completion of the Pacific Railroad two years.

The House, on May 30, passed the Indian Appropriation bill. Mr. Ashley offered a resolution amending the Constitution by abolishing the Vice-Presidency, making the President eligible for only one term, and radically changing the system of election.

The Senate, on June 1, passed the House bill with an amendment providing that no denial or abridgment of the right of suffrage or any other right shall be enacted on account of race or color, Indians not taxed excepted. It goes back to the House for its concurrence.

NEWS ITEMS.

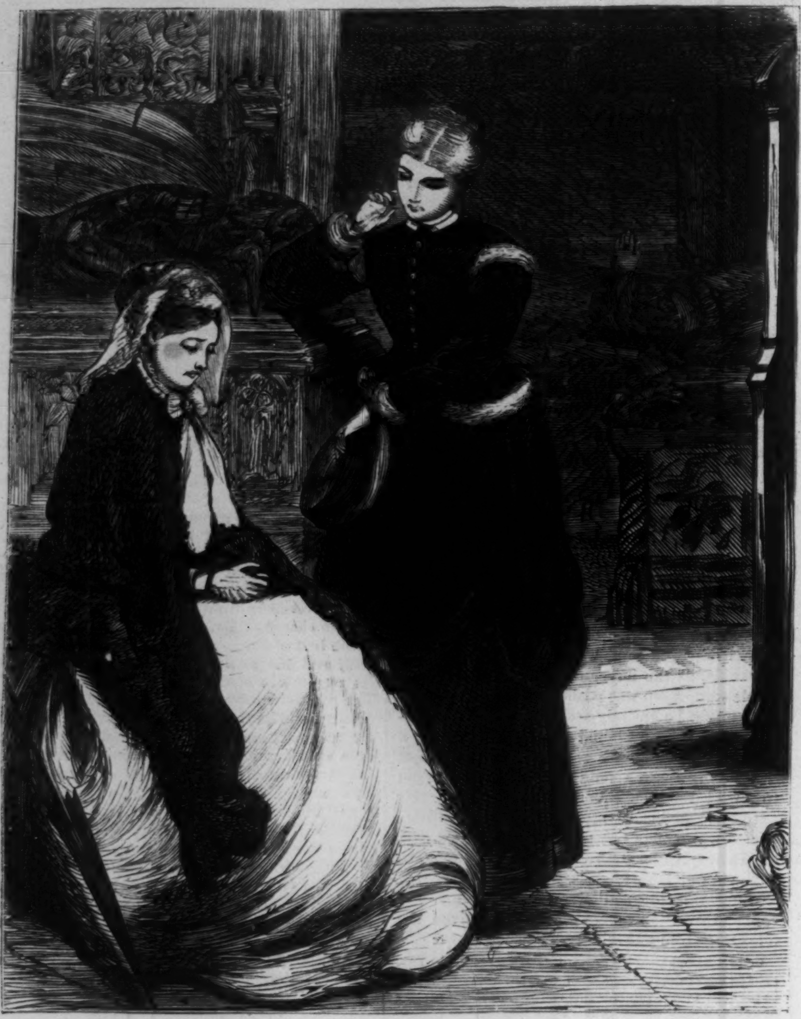
The statue of Thomas H. Benton, in St. Louis, was unveiled May 20 with a grand demonstration, Jessie Benton Fremont unveiling the statue, and General Frank P. Blair pronouncing the eulogium.

Ex-President Buchanan died at his residence, Wheatland, Pennsylvania, on June 1, aged 76.

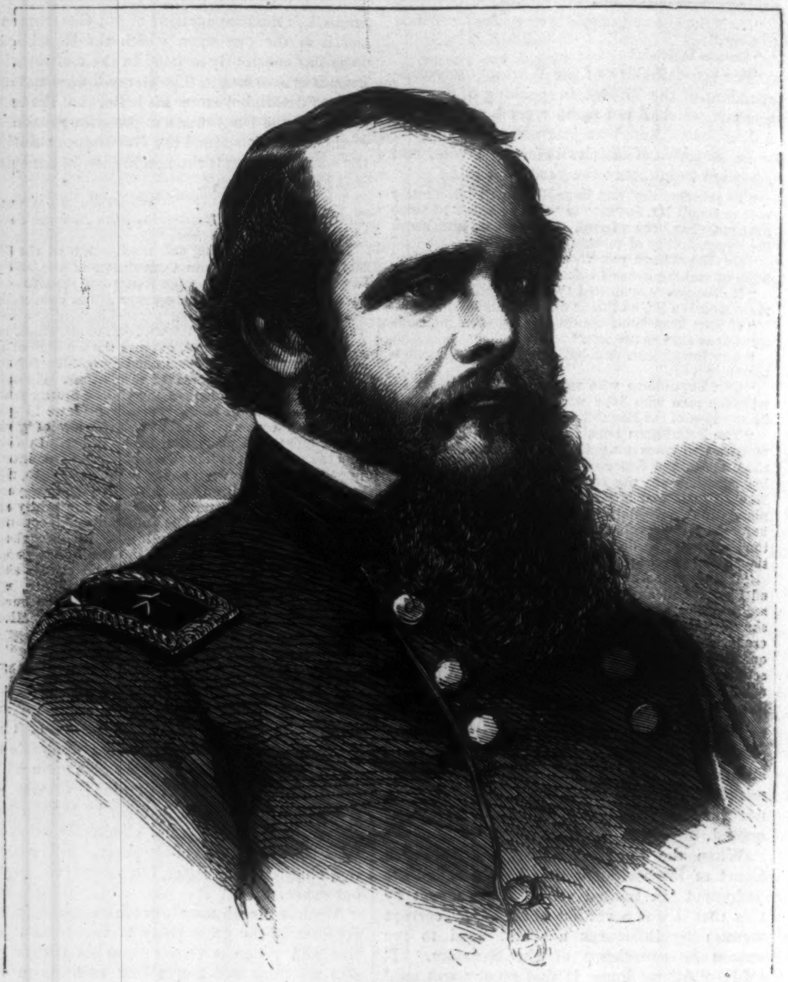
FOREIGN NEWS.

The foreign news for the past week has been brief and unimportant. Prussia is disarming: France has fully supplied her infantry with what the French Emperor calls the "queen of rifles," the Chassepot; England is still putting her Fenian subjects to the very worst use possible by hanging them; the Poles are disturbing Galicia; North Germany has abolished imprisonment for debt; and Bavaria has signed Bancroft's Naturalization treaty with the United States.

The most important foreign news is from Central Asia, and marks the progress of the Russian invasion of that region. The invasion of Chinese Turkestan by the Russians began in 1866, simultaneous with a movement under the direction of the British authorities in India but conducted by an Indian prince, Shere Ali Khan, into Afghanistan, the country adjoining Turkestan. The question involved is one of Russian or English Supremacy in Central Asia, and the ultimate object of the Russians is to possess all of Central Asia as far south as the boundary of British India, and between China on the east and Persia on the west.



THE CLOISTERS.—[See the Poem, Page 375.]

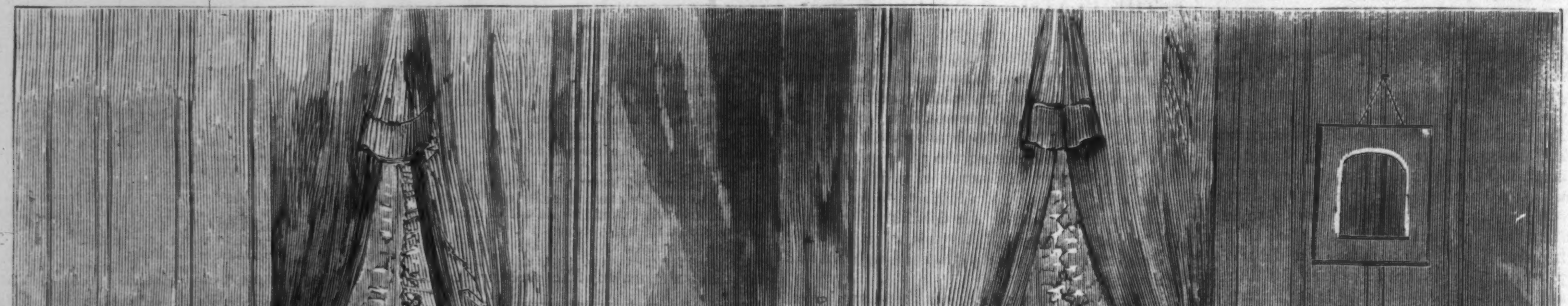


GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

On the announcement of the vote on Impeachment, and the discovery that the Senate had sustained the President by acquitting him of the charge of illegally removing Secretary Stanton, that officer promptly withdrew from the Department, leaving it in charge of the Adjutant-General. President Johnson nominated General Schofield as Secretary of War, and the Senate confirmed him.

General Schofield's war record is well known to our readers. He was the commander of a wing of Sherman's army in the campaign of Atlanta, and the leader of the force which captured Wilmington and pushed into the interior of North Carolina to meet Sherman. Since the war he has been in command in Virginia. Of his political principles little is known at present.



GENERAL JOSEPH B. HAWLEY FORMALLY TENDERING THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS TO GENERAL GRANT AND MR. COLFAX.—[See Page 375.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

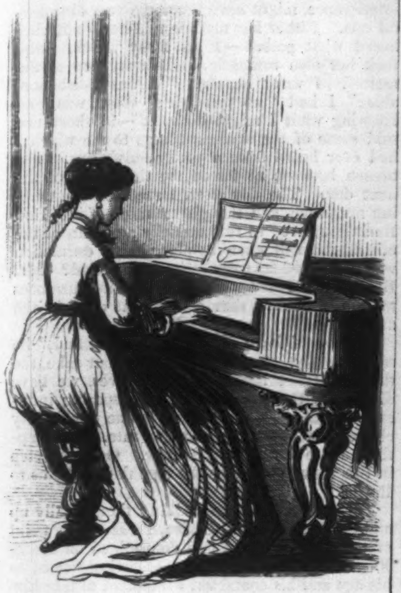
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER V.

Having told me the name of Mr. Candy's assistant, Betteredge appeared to think that we had wasted enough of our time on an insignificant subject. He resumed the perusal of Rosanna Spearman's letter.

On my side, I sat at the window, waiting until he had done. Little by little, the impression produced on me by Ezra Jennings—it seemed perfectly unaccountable, in such a situation as mine, that any human being should have produced an impression on me at all!—faded from my mind. My thoughts flowed back into their former channel. Once more, I forced myself to look my own incredible position resolutely in the face. Once more, I reviewed in my own mind the course which I had at last summoned composure enough to plan out for the future.

To go back to London that day; to put the whole case before Mr. Bruff; and, last and most important, to obtain (no matter by what means or at what sacrifice) a personal interview with Rachel—this was my plan of action, so far as I was capable of forming it at the time. There was more than an hour still to spare before the train started. And there was the bare chance that Betteredge might discover something in the unread portion of Rosanna Spearman's letter, which it might be useful for me to know before I left the house in which the Diamond had been lost. For that chance I was now waiting.

The letter ended in these terms:

"You have no need to be angry, Mr. Franklin, even if I did feel some little triumph at knowing that I held all your prospects in life in my own hands. Anxieties and fears soon came back to me. With the view Sergeant Cuff took of the loss of the Diamond, he would be sure to end in examining our linen and our dresses. There was no place in my room—there was no place in the house—which I could feel satisfied would be safe from him. How to hide the night-gown so that not even the Sergeant could find it? and how to do that without losing one moment of precious time?—these were not easy questions to answer. My uncertainties ended in my taking a way that may make you laugh. I undressed, and put the night-gown on me. You had worn it—and I had another little moment of pleasure in wearing it after you.

"The next news that reached us in the servants' hall showed that I had not made sure of the night-gown a moment too soon. Sergeant Cuff wanted to see the washing-book.

"I found it, and took it to him in my lady's sitting-room. The Sergeant and I had come across each other more than once in former days. I was certain he would know me again—and I was *not* certain of what he might do when he found me employed as servant in a house in which a valuable jewel had been lost. In this suspense, I felt it would be a relief to me to get the meeting between us over, and to know the worst of it at once.

"He looked at me as if I was a stranger, when I handed him the washing-book; and he was very specially polite in thanking me for bringing it. I thought those were both bad signs. There was no knowing what he might say of me behind my back; there was no knowing how soon I might not find myself taken in custody on suspicion, and searched. It was then time for your return from seeing Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite off by the railway; and I went to your favorite walk in the shrubbery, to try for another chance of speaking to you—the last chance, for all I knew to the contrary, that I might have.

"You never appeared; and, what was worse still, Mr. Betteredge and Sergeant Cuff passed by the place where I was hiding—and the Sergeant saw me.

"I had no choice, after that, but to return to my proper place and my proper work, before more disasters happened to me. Just as I was going to step across the path you came back from the railway. You were making straight for the shrubbery, when you saw me—I am certain, Sir, you saw me—and you turned away as if I had got the plague, and went into the house.*

"I made the best of my way indoors again, returning by the servants' entrance. There was nobody in the laundry-room at that time; and I sat down there alone. I have told you already of the thoughts which the Shivering Sand put into my head. Those thoughts came back to me now. I wondered in myself which it would be hardest to do, if things went on in this way—to bear Mr. Franklin Blake's indifference to me, or to jump into the quicksand and end it forever in that way?

"It's useless to ask me to account for my own conduct, at this time. I try—and I can't understand it myself.

"Why didn't I stop you, when you avoided me in that cruel manner? Why didn't I call out, 'Mr. Franklin, I have got something to say to you; it concerns yourself, and you must, and shall, hear it?' You were at my mercy—I had got the whip-hand of you, as they say. And better than that, I had the means (if I could only make you trust me) of being useful to you in the future. Of course, I never supposed that you—a gentleman—had stolen the Diamond for the mere pleasure of stealing it. No. Penelope had heard Miss Rachel, and I had heard Mr. Betteredge, talk about your extravagance and your debts. It was plain enough to me that you had taken the Diamond to sell it, or pledge it, and so to get the money of which you stood in need. Well! I could have told you of a man in London who would have advanced a good large sum on the jewel, and who would have asked no awkward questions about it either.

"Why didn't I speak to you! why didn't I speak to you!

"I wonder whether the risks and difficulties of keeping the night-gown were as much as I could manage, without having other risks and difficulties added to them? This might have been the case with some women—but how could it be the case with me? In the days when I was a thief, I had run fifty times greater risks, and found my way out of difficulties to which *this* difficulty was mere child's play. I had been apprenticed, as you may say, to frauds and deceptions—some of them on such a grand scale, and managed so cleverly, that they became famous, and appeared in the newspapers. Was such a little thing as the keeping of the night-gown likely to weigh on my spirits, and to set my heart sinking within me, at the time when I ought to have spoken to you? What nonsense to ask the question! the thing couldn't be.

"Where is the use of my dwelling in this way on my own folly? The plain truth is plain enough, surely? Behind your back, I loved you with all my heart and soul. Before your face—there's no denying it—I was frightened of you; frightened of making you angry with me; frightened of what you might say to me (though you *had* taken the Diamond) if I presumed to tell you that I had found it out. I had gone as near to it as I dared when I spoke to you in the library. You had not turned your back on me then. You had not started away from me as if I had got the plague. I tried to provoke myself into feeling angry with you, and to rouse up my courage in that way. No! I couldn't feel any thing but the misery and the mortification of it. 'You're a plain girl; you have got a crooked shoulder; you're only a house-maid—what do you mean by attempting to speak to Me?' You never uttered a word of that, Mr. Franklin; but you said it all to me, nevertheless! Is such madness as this to be accounted for? No. There is nothing to be done but to confess it, and let it be.

"I ask your pardon, once more, for this wandering of my pen. There is no fear of its happening again. I am close at the end now.

"The first person who disturbed me by coming into the empty room was Penelope. She had found out my secret long since, and she had done her best to bring me to my senses—and done it kindly too.

"'Ah!' she said, 'I know why you're sitting here, and fretting, all by yourself. The best thing that can happen for your advantage, Rosanna, will be for Mr. Franklin's visit here to come to an end. It's my belief that he won't be long now before he leaves the house.'

"In all my thoughts of you I had never thought of your going away. I couldn't speak to Penelope. I could only look at her.

"'I've just left Miss Rachel,' Penelope went on. 'And a hard matter I have had of it to put up with her temper. She says the house is unbearable to her with the police in it; and she's determined to speak to my lady this evening, and to go to her Aunt Ablewhite to-morrow. If she does that, Mr. Franklin will be the next to find a reason for going away, you may depend on it!'

"I recovered the use of my tongue at that. 'Do you mean to say Mr. Franklin will go with her?' I asked.

"'Only too gladly, if she would let him; but she won't. *He* has been made to feel her temper; *he* is in her black books too—and that after having done all he can to help her, poor fellow! No, no! If they don't make it up before to-morrow, you will see Miss Rachel go one way, and Mr. Franklin another. Where he may betake himself to I can't say. But he will never stay here, Rosanna, after Miss Rachel has left us.'

"I managed to master the despair I felt at the prospect of your going away. To own the truth, I saw a little glimpse of hope for myself if there was really a serious disagreement between Miss Rachel and you. 'Do you know,' I asked, 'what the quarrel is between them?'

"'It's all on Miss Rachel's side,' Penelope said. 'And, for any thing I know to the contrary, it's all Miss Rachel's temper, and nothing else. I am loth to distress you, Rosanna; but don't run away with the notion that Mr. Franklin is ever likely to quarrel with *her*. He's a great deal too fond of her for that!'

"She had only just spoken those cruel words when there came a call to us from Mr. Betteredge. All the indoor servants were to assemble in the hall. And then we were to go in, one by one, and be questioned in Mr. Betteredge's room by Sergeant Cuff.

"It came to my turn to go in, after her ladyship's maid and the upper house-maid had been questioned first. Sergeant Cuff's inquiries—though he wrapped them up very cunningly—soon showed me that those two women (the bitterest enemies I had in the house) had made their discoveries outside my door, on the Thursday afternoon, and again on the Thursday night. They had told the Sergeant enough to open his eyes to some part of the truth. He rightly believed me to have made a new night-gown secretly, but he wrongly believed the paint-stained night-gown to be mine. I felt satisfied of another thing, from what he said, which it puzzled me to understand. He suspected me, of course, of being concerned in the disappearance of the Diamond. But, at the same time, he let me see—purposely, as I thought—that he did not consider me as the person chiefly answerable for the loss of the jewel. He appeared to think that I had been acting under the direction of somebody else. Who that person might be, I couldn't guess then, and can't guess now.

"In this uncertainty, one thing was plain—that Sergeant Cuff was miles away from knowing the whole truth. You were safe as long as the night-gown was safe—and not a moment longer.

"I quite despair of making you understand the distress and terror which pressed upon me now. It was impossible for me to risk wearing your night-gown any longer. I might find myself taken off, at a moment's notice, to the police court at Frizinghall, to be charged on suspicion, and searched accordingly. While Sergeant Cuff still left me free, I had to choose—and that at once—between destroying the night-gown, or hiding it in some safe place, at some safe distance from the house.

"If I had only been a little less fond of you, I think I should have destroyed it. But, oh! how could I destroy the only thing I had which proved that I had saved you from discovery? If we did come to an explanation together, and if you suspected me of having some bad motive, and denied it all, how could I win upon you to trust me, unless I had the night-gown to produce? Was it wronging you to believe, as I did, and do still, that you might hesitate to let a poor girl like me be the sharer of your secret, and your accomplice in the theft which your money-troubles had tempted you to commit? Think of your cold behavior to me, Sir, and you will hardly wonder at my unwillingness to destroy the only claim on your confidence and your gratitude which it was my fortune to possess.

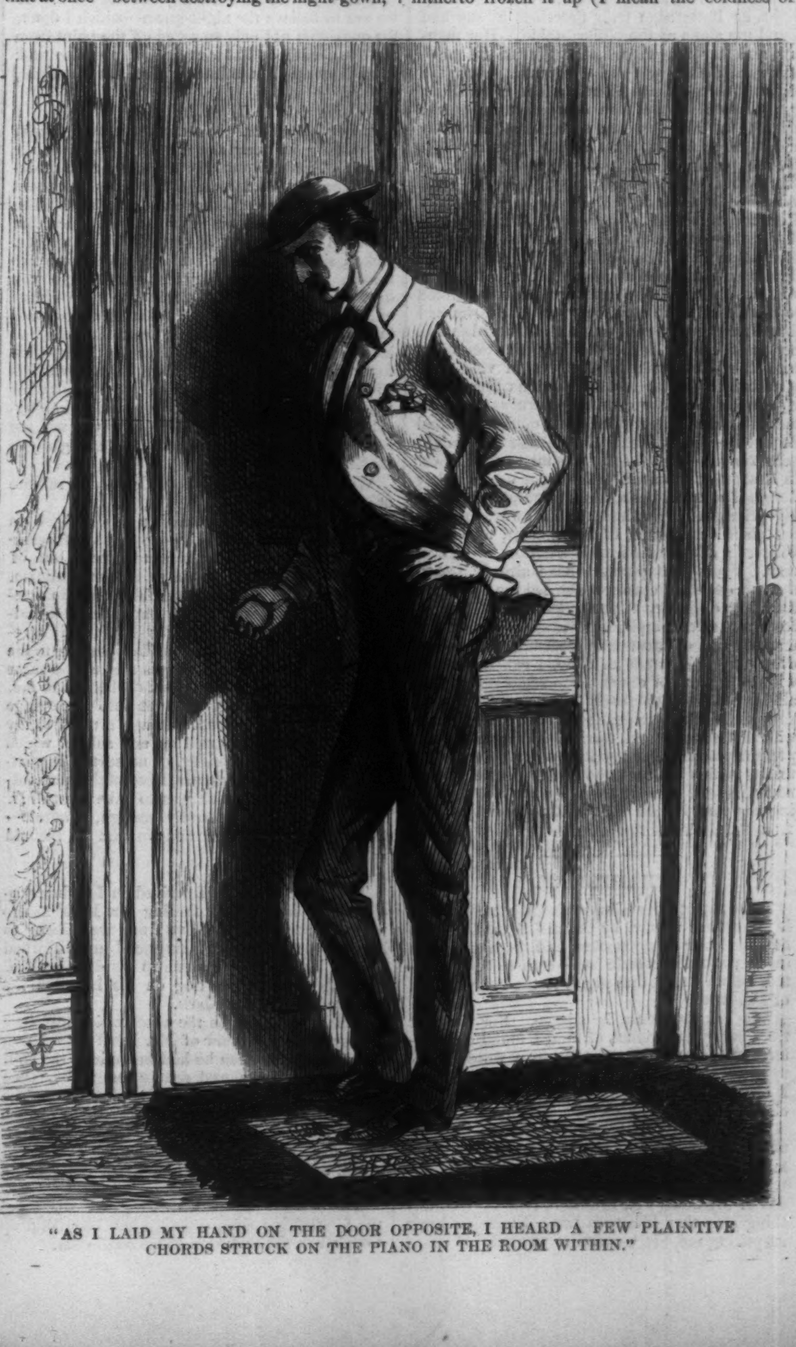
"I determined to hide it; and the place I fixed on was the place I knew best—the Shivering Sand.

"As soon as the questioning was over I made the first excuse that came into my head, and got leave to go out for a breath of fresh air. I went straight to Cobb's Hole, to Mr. Yolland's cottage. His wife and daughter were the best friends I had. Don't suppose I trusted them with your secret—I have trusted nobody. All I wanted was to write this letter to you, and to have a safe opportunity of taking the night-gown off me. Suspected as I was, I could do neither of those things, with any sort of security, up at the house.

"And now I have nearly got through my long letter, writing it alone in Lucy Yolland's bedroom. When it is done I shall go down stairs with the night-gown rolled up, and hidden under my cloak. I shall find the means I want for keeping it safe and dry in its hiding-place, among the litter of old things in Mrs. Yolland's kitchen. And then I shall go to the Shivering Sand—don't be afraid of my letting my footmarks betray me!—and hide the night-gown down in the sand, where no living creature can find it without being first let into the secret by myself.

"And, when that is done, what then?

"Then, Mr. Franklin, I shall have two reasons for making another attempt to say the words to you which I have not said yet. If you leave the house, as Penelope believes you will leave it, and if I haven't spoken to you before that, I shall lose my opportunity forever. That is one reason. Then, again, there is the comforting knowledge—if my speaking does make you angry—that I have got the night-gown ready to plead my cause for me as nothing else can. That is my other reason. If these two together don't harden my heart against the coldness which has hitherto frozen it up (I mean the coldness of



"AS I LAID MY HAND ON THE DOOR OPPOSITE, I HEARD A FEW PLAINTIVE CHORDS STRUCK ON THE PIANO IN THE ROOM WITHIN."

---

* Note; by Franklin Blake.—The writer is entirely mistaken, poor creature. I never noticed her. My intention was certainly to have taken a turn in the shrubbery. But, remembering at the same moment that my aunt might wish to see me, after my return from the railway, I altered my mind, and went into the house.

your treatment of me), there will be the end of my efforts—and the end of my life.

"Yes. If I miss my next opportunity—if you are as cruel as ever, and if I feel it again as I have felt it already—good-by to the world which has grudged me the happiness that it gives to others. Good-by to life, which nothing but a little kindness from *you* can ever make pleasurable to me again. Don't blame yourself, Sir, if it ends in this way. But try—do try—to feel some forgiving sorrow for me! I shall take care that you find out what I have done for you when I am past telling you of it myself. Will you say something kind of me then—in the same gentle way that you have when you speak to Miss Rachel? If you do that, and if there are such things as ghosts, I believe my ghost will hear it, and tremble with the pleasure of it.

"It's time I left off. I am making myself cry. How am I to see my way to the hiding-place if I let these useless tears come and blind me?

"Besides, why should I look at the gloomy side? Why not believe, while I can, that it will end well after all? I may find you in a good humor to-night—or, if not, I may succeed better to-morrow morning. I sha'n't improve my poor plain face by fretting—shall I? Who knows but I may have filled all these weary long pages of paper for nothing? They will go, for safety's sake (never mind now for what other reason) into the hiding-place, along with the night-gown. It has been hard, hard work writing my letter. Oh! if we only end in understanding each other, how I shall enjoy tearing it up!

"I beg to remain, Sir, your true lover and humble servant,

"Rosanna Spearman."

The reading of the letter was completed by Betteredge in silence. After carefully putting it back in the envelope, he sat thinking, with his head bowed down, and his eyes on the ground.

"Betteredge," I said, "is there any hint to guide us at the end of the letter?"

He looked up slowly, with a heavy sigh.

"There is nothing to guide you, Mr. Franklin," he answered. "If you will take my advice, you will keep the letter in the cover till these present anxieties of yours have come to an end. It will sorely distress you, whenever you read it. Don't read it now."

I put the letter away in my pocket-book.

A glance back at the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of Betteredge's Narrative will show that there really was a reason for my thus sparing myself, at a time when my fortitude had been already cruelly tried. Twice over, the unhappy woman had made her last attempt to speak to me. And twice over, it had been my misfortune (God knows how innocently!) to repel the advances she had made to me. On the Friday night, as Betteredge truly describes it, she had found me alone at the billiard-table. Her manner and her language had suggested to me—and would have suggested to any man, under the circumstances—that she was about to confess a guilty knowledge of the disappearance of the Diamond. For her own sake, I had purposely shown no special interest in what was coming; for her own sake, I had purposely looked at the billiard-balls, instead of looking at *her*—and what had been the result? I had sent her away from me, wounded to the heart! On the Saturday again—on the day when she must have foreseen, after what Penelope had told her, that my departure was close at hand—the same fatality still pursued us. She had once more attempted to meet me in the shrubbery walk, and she had found me there in company with Betteredge and Sergeant Cuff. In her hearing, the Sergeant, with his own underhand object in view, had appealed to my interest in Rosanna Spearman. Again for the poor creature's own sake, I had met the police officer with a flat denial, and had declared—loudly declared, so that she might hear *me* too—that I felt "no interest whatever in Rosanna Spearman." At those words, solely designed to warn her against attempting to gain my private ear, she had turned away, and left the place: cautioned of her danger, as I then believed; self-doomed to destruction, as I know now. From that point, I have already traced the succession of events which led me to the astounding discovery at the quicksand. The retrospect is now complete. I may leave the miserable story of Rosanna Spearman—to which, even at this distance of time, I can not revert without a pang of distress—to suggest for itself all that is here purposely left unsaid. I may pass from the suicide at the Shivering Sand, with its strange and terrible influence on my present position and my future prospects, to interests which concern the living people of this narrative, and to events which were already paving my way for the slow and toilsome journey from the darkness to the light.

CHAPTER VI.

I WALKED to the railway station accompanied, it is needless to say, by Gabriel Betteredge. I had the letter in my pocket, and the night-gown safely packed in a little bag—both to be submitted, before I slept that night, to the investigation of Mr. Bruff.

We left the house in silence. For the first time in my experience of him, I found old Betteredge in my company without a word to say to me. Having something to say on my side, I opened the conversation as soon as we were clear of the lodge gates.

"Before I go to London," I began, "I have two questions to ask you. They relate to myself, and I believe they will rather surprise you."

"If they will put that poor creature's letter out of my head, Mr. Franklin, they may do any thing else they like with me. Please to begin surprising me, Sir, as soon as you can."

"My first question, Betteredge, is this. Was I drunk on the night of Rachel's birthday?"

"*You* drunk!" exclaimed the old man. "Why it's the great defect of your character, Mr. Franklin, that you only drink with your dinner, and never touch a drop of liquor afterward!"

"But the birthday was a special occasion. I might have abandoned my regular habits, on that night of all others."

Betteredge considered for a moment.

"You did go out of your habits, Sir," he said. "And I'll tell you how. You looked wretchedly ill—and we persuaded you to have a drop of brandy and water to cheer you up a little."

"I am not used to brandy and water. It is quite possible—"

"Wait a bit, Mr. Franklin. I knew you were not used, too. I poured you out half a wine-glassful of our fifty year old Cognac; and (more shame for me!) I drowned that noble liquor in nigh on a tumblerful of cold water. A child couldn't have got drunk on it—let alone a grown man!"

I knew I could depend on his memory, in a matter of this kind. It was plainly impossible that I could have been intoxicated. I passed on to the second question.

"Before I was sent abroad, Betteredge, you saw a great deal of me when I was a boy? Now tell me plainly, do you remember any thing strange of me, after I had gone to bed at night? Did you ever discover me walking in my sleep?"

Betteredge stopped, looked at me for a moment, nodded his head, and walked on again.

"I see your drift now, Mr. Franklin!" he said. "You're trying to account for how you got the paint on your night-gown, without knowing it yourself. It won't do, Sir. You're miles away still from getting at the truth. Walk in your sleep? You never did such a thing in your life!"

Here again, I felt that Betteredge must be right. Neither at home nor abroad had my life ever been of the solitary sort. If I had been a sleep-walker, there were hundreds on hundreds of people who must have discovered me, and who, in the interests of my own safety, would have warned me of the habit, and have taken precautions to restrain it.

Still, admitting all this, I clung—with an obstinacy which was surely natural and excusable, under the circumstances—to one or other of the only two explanations that I could see which accounted for the unendurable position in which I then stood. Observing that I was not yet satisfied, Betteredge shrewdly adverted to certain later events in the history of the Moonstone; and scattered both my theories to the winds at once and forever.

"Let's try it another way, Sir," he said. "Keep your own opinion, and see how far it will take you toward finding out the truth. If we are to believe the night-gown—which I don't, for one—you not only smeared off the paint from the door, without knowing it, but you also took the Diamond without knowing it. Is that right, so far?"

"Quite right. Go on."

"Very good, Sir. We'll say you were drunk, or walking in your sleep, when you took the jewel. That accounts for the night and morning, after the birthday. But how does it account for what has happened since that time? The Diamond has been taken to London, since that time. The Diamond has been pledged to Mr. Luker, since that time. Did you do those two things, without knowing it, too? Were you drunk when I saw you off in the pony-chaise on that Saturday evening? And did you walk in your sleep to Mr. Luker's, when the train had brought you to your journey's end? Excuse me for saying it, Mr. Franklin, but this business has so upset you, that you're not fit yet to judge for yourself. The sooner you lay your head alongside of Mr. Bruff's head, the sooner you will see your way out of the dead lock that has got you now."

We reached the station, with only a minute or two to spare.

I hurriedly gave Betteredge my address in London, so that he might write to me, if necessary; promising, on my side, to inform him of any news which I might have to communicate. This done, and just as I was bidding him farewell, I happened to glance toward the book-and-newspaper stall. There was Mr. Candy's remarkable-looking assistant again, speaking to the keeper of the stall! Our eyes met at the same moment. Ezra Jennings took off his hat to me. I returned the salute, and got into a carriage just as the train started. It was a relief to my mind, I suppose, to dwell on any subject which appeared to be, personally, of no sort of importance to me. At all events, I began the momentous journey back which was to take me to Mr. Bruff, wondering—absurdly enough, I admit—that I should have seen the man with the piebald hair twice in one day!

The hour at which I arrived in London precluded all hope of my finding Mr. Bruff at his place of business. I drove from the railway to his private residence at Hampstead, and disturbed the old lawyer dozing alone in his dining-room, with his favorite pug-dog on his lap, and his bottle of wine at his elbow.

I shall best describe the effect which my story produced on the mind of Mr. Bruff by relating his proceedings when he had heard it to the end. He ordered lights, and strong tea, to be taken into his study; and he sent a message to the ladies of his family, forbidding them to disturb us on any pretense whatever. These preliminaries disposed of, he first examined the night-gown, and then devoted himself to the reading of Rosanna Spearman's letter.

The reading completed, Mr. Bruff addressed me for the first time since we had been shut up together in the seclusion of his own room.

"Franklin Blake," said the old gentleman, "this is a very serious matter, in more respects than one. In my opinion, it concerns Rachel quite as nearly as it concerns you. Her extraordinary conduct is no mystery *now*. She believes you have stolen the Diamond."

I had shrunk from reasoning my own way fairly to that revolting conclusion. But it had forced itself on me nevertheless. My resolution to obtain a personal interview with Rachel rested really and truly on the ground just stated by Mr. Bruff.

"The first step to take in this investigation," the lawyer proceeded, "is to appeal to Rachel. She has been silent all this time, from motives which I (who know her character) can readily understand. It is impossible, after what has happened, to submit to that silence any longer. She must be persuaded to tell us, or she must be forced to tell us, on what grounds she bases her belief that you took the Moonstone. The chances are, that the whole of this case, serious as it seems now, will tumble to pieces, if we can only break through Rachel's inveterate reserve, and prevail upon her to speak out."

"That is a very comforting opinion for *me*," I said. "I own I should like to know—"

"You would like to know how I can justify it," interposed Mr. Bruff. "I can tell you in two minutes. Understand, in the first place, that I look at this matter from a lawyer's point of view. It's a question of evidence, with me. Very well. The evidence breaks down, at the outset, on one important point."

"On what point?"

"You shall hear. I admit that the mark of the name proves the night-gown to be yours. I admit that the mark of the paint proves the night-gown to have made the smear on Rachel's door. But what evidence is there, before you or before me, to prove that you are the person who wore the night-gown?"

The objection electrified me. It had never occurred to my mind until that moment.

"As to this," pursued the lawyer, taking up Rosanna Spearman's confession, "I can understand that the letter is a distressing one to *you*. I can understand that you may hesitate to analyze it from a purely impartial point of view. But *I* am not in your position. I can bring my professional experience to bear on this document, just as I should bring it to bear on any other. Without alluding to the woman's career as a thief, I will merely remark that her letter proves her to have been an adept at deception, on her own showing; and I argue from that, that I am justified in suspecting her of not having told the whole truth. I won't start any theory, at present, as to what she may or may not have done. I will only say that, if Rachel has suspected you *on the evidence of the night-gown only*, the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that Rosanna Spearman was the person who showed it to her. In that case, there is the woman's letter, confessing that she was jealous of Rachel, confessing that she changed the roses, confessing that she saw a glimpse of hope for herself, in the prospect of a quarrel between Rachel and you. I don't stop to ask who took the Moonstone (as a means to her end, Rosanna Spearman would have taken fifty Moonstones)—I only say that the disappearance of the jewel gave this reclaimed thief who was in love with you, an opportunity of setting you and Rachel at variance for the rest of your lives. She had not decided on destroying herself, *then*, remember; and, having the opportunity, I distinctly assert that it was in her character, and in her position at the time, to take it. What do you say to that?"

"Some such suspicion," I answered, "crossed my own mind, as soon as I opened the letter."

"Exactly! And when you had read the letter, you pitied the poor creature, and couldn't find it in your heart to suspect her. Does you credit, my dear Sir—does you credit!"

"But suppose it turns out that I did wear the night-gown? What then?"

"I don't see how that fact is to be proved," said Mr. Bruff. "But assuming the proof to be possible, the vindication of your innocence would be no easy matter. We won't go into that, now. Let us wait and see whether Rachel hasn't suspected you on the evidence of the night-gown only."

"Good God, how coolly you talk of Rachel suspecting me!" I broke out. "What right has she to suspect Me, on any evidence, of being a thief?"

"A very sensible question, my dear Sir. Rather hotly put—but well worth considering for all that. What puzzles you, puzzles me too. Search your memory, and tell me this. Did any thing happen while you were staying at the house—not, of course, to shake Rachel's belief in your honor—but, let us say, to shake her belief (no matter with how little reason) in your principles generally?"

I started, in ungovernable agitation, to my feet. The lawyer's question reminded me, for the first time since I had left England, that something *had* happened.

In the eighth chapter of Betteredge's Narrative, an allusion will be found to the arrival of a foreigner and a stranger at my aunt's house, who came to see me on business. The nature of his business was this.

I had been foolish enough (being, as usual, straightened for money at the time) to accept a loan from the keeper of a small restaurant in Paris, to whom I was well known as a customer. A time was settled between us for paying the money back; and when the time came, I found it (as thousands of other honest men have found it) impossible to keep my engagement. I sent the man a bill. My name was unfortunately too well known on such documents: he failed to negotiate it. His affairs had fallen into disorder, in the interval since I had borrowed of him; bankruptcy stared him in the face; and a relative of his, a French lawyer, came to England to find me, and to insist on the payment of my debt. He was a man of violent temper; and he took the wrong way with me. High words passed on both sides; and my aunt and Rachel were unfortunately in the next room, and heard us. Lady Verinder came in, and insisted on knowing what was the matter. The Frenchman produced his credentials, and declared me to be responsible for the ruin of a poor man, who had trusted in my honor. My aunt instantly paid him the money, and sent him off. She knew me better of course than to take the Frenchman's view of the transaction. But she was shocked at my carelessness, and justly angry with me for placing myself in a position, which, but for her interference, might have become a very disgraceful one. Either her mother told her, or Rachel heard what passed—I can't say which. She took her own romantic, high-flown view of the matter. I was "heartless;" I was "dishonorable;" I had "no principle;" there was "no knowing what I might do next"—in short, she said some of the severest things to me which I had ever heard from a young lady's lips. The breach between us lasted for the whole of the next day. The day after, I succeeded in making my peace, and thought no more of it. Had Rachel reverted to this unlucky accident, at the critical moment when my place in her estimation was again, and far more seriously, assailed? Mr. Bruff, when I had mentioned the circumstances to him, answered that question at once in the affirmative.

"It would have its effect on her mind," he said, gravely. "And I wish, for your sake, the thing had not happened. However, we have discovered that there *was* a predisposing influence against you—and there is one uncertainty cleared out of our way, at any rate. I see nothing more that we can do now. Our next step in this inquiry must be the step that takes us to Rachel."

He rose, and began walking thoughtfully up and down the room. Twice, I was on the point of telling him that I had determined on seeing Rachel personally; and twice, having regard to his age and his character, I hesitated to take him by surprise at an unfavorable moment.

"The grand difficulty is," he resumed, "how to make her show her whole mind in this matter, without reserve. Have you any suggestion to offer?"

"I have made up my mind, Mr. Bruff, to speak to Rachel myself."

"You!" He suddenly stopped in his walk, and looked at me as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses. "You, of all the people in the world!" He abruptly checked himself, and took another turn in the room. "Wait a little," he said. "In cases of this extraordinary kind, the rash way is sometimes the best way." He considered the question for a moment or two, under that new light, and ended boldly by a decision in my favor. "Nothing venture, nothing have," the old gentleman resumed. "You have a chance in your favor which I don't possess—and you shall be the first to try the experiment."

"A chance in my favor?" I repeated, in the greatest surprise.

Mr. Bruff's face softened, for the first time, into a smile.

"This is how it stands," he said. "I tell you fairly, I don't trust your discretion, and I don't trust your temper. But I do trust in Rachel's still preserving, in some remote little corner of her heart, a certain perverse weakness for *you*. Touch that—and trust to the consequences for the fullest disclosure that can flow from a woman's lips! The question is—how are you to see her?"

"She has been a guest of yours at this house," I answered. "May I venture to suggest—if nothing was said about me beforehand—that I might see her here?"

"Cool!" said Mr. Bruff. With that one word of comment on the reply that I had made to him, he took another turn up and down the room.

"In plain English," he said, "my house is to be turned into a trap to catch Rachel; with a bait to tempt her, in the shape of an invitation from my wife and daughters. If you were any body else but Franklin Blake, and if this matter was one atom less serious than it really is, I should refuse point-blank. As things are, I firmly believe Rachel will live to thank me for turning traitor to her in my old age. Consider me your accomplice. Rachel shall be asked to spend the day here; and you shall receive due notice of it."

"When? To-morrow?"

"To-morrow won't give us time enough to get her answer. Say the day after."

"How shall I hear from you?"

"Stay at home all the morning and expect me to call on you."

I thanked him for the inestimable assistance which he was rendering to me, with the gratitude which I really felt; and, declining a hospitable invitation to sleep that night at Hampstead, returned to my lodgings in London.

Of the day that followed, I have only to say that it was the longest day of my life. Innocent as I knew myself to be, certain as I was that the abominable imputation which rested on me must sooner or later be cleared off, there was nevertheless a sense of self-abasement in my mind which instinctively disinclined me to see any of my friends. We often hear (almost invariably, however, from superficial observers) that guilt can look like innocence. I believe it to be infinitely the truer axiom of the two that innocence can look like guilt. I caused myself to be denied, all day, to every visitor who called; and I only ventured out under cover of the night.

The next morning Mr. Bruff surprised me at the breakfast-table. He handed me a large key, and announced that he felt ashamed of himself for the first time in his life.

"Is she coming?"

"She is coming to-day, to lunch and spend the afternoon with my wife and my girls."

"Are Mrs. Bruff, and your daughters, in the secret?"

"Inevitably. But women, as you may have observed, have no principles. My family don't feel my pangs of conscience. The end being to bring you and Rachel together again, my wife and daughters pass over the means employed to gain it, as composedly as if they were Jesuits."

"I am infinitely obliged to them. What is this key?"

"The key of the gate in my back-garden wall. Be there at three this afternoon. Let yourself into the garden, and make your way in by the conservatory door. Cross the small drawing-room, and open the door in front of you which leads into the music-room. There, you will find Rachel—and find her, alone."

"How can I thank you!"

"I will tell you how. Don't blame *me* for what happens afterward."

With those words, he went out.

I had many weary hours still to wait through. To while away the time, I looked at my letters. Among them was a letter from Betteredge.

I opened it eagerly. To my surprise and disappointment, it began with an apology warning me to expect no news of any importance. In the next sentence the everlasting Ezra Jennings appeared again! He had stopped Betteredge on the way out of the station, and had asked who I was. Informed on this point, he had mentioned having seen me to his master, Mr. Candy. Mr. Candy hearing of this, had himself driven over to Betteredge, to express his regret at our having missed each other. He had a reason for wishing particularly to speak to me; and when I was next in the neighborhood of Frizinghall, he begged I would let him know. Apart from a few characteristic utterances of the Betteredge philosophy, this was the sum and substance of my correspondent's letter. The warm-hearted, faithful old man acknowledged that he had written "mainly for the pleasure of writing to me."

I crumpled up the letter in my pocket, and forgot it the moment after, in the all-absorbing interest of my coming interview with Rachel.

As the clock of Hampstead church struck three, I put Mr. Bruff's key into the lock of the door in the wall. When I first stepped into the garden, and while I was securing the door again on the inner side, I own to having felt a certain guilty doubtfulness about what might happen next. I looked furtively on either side of me, suspicious of the presence of some unexpected witness in some unknown corner of the garden. Nothing appeared, to justify my apprehensions. The walks were, one and all, solitudes; and the birds and the bees were the only witnesses.

I passed through the garden; entered the conservatory; and crossed the small drawing-room. As I laid my hand on the door opposite, I heard a few plaintive chords struck on the piano in the room within. She had often idled over the instrument in this way, when I was staying at her mother's house. I was obliged to wait a little, to steady myself. The past and present rose, side by side, at that supreme moment—and the contrast shook me.

After the lapse of a few moments, I roused my manhood, and opened the door.

MAGDALA.

Judging by our engraving on page 380, the strong-hold of His late Abyssinian Majesty, King Theodore, must have been naturally a very formidable fortress, and in the hands of a civilized and educated soldier would have laughed the siege and assault of Sir Robert Napier and his warriors to scorn. Magdala is situated on a high narrow plateau on the south side of the river Beshlo, or Bashilo, which forms the boundary between the Gallas territory and Abyssinia, the entrance to the valley on the east being guarded by the strong precipitous fortresses of Amba Gahit and Amba Geshen. On the west it is divided from the plateaus of Worro Haimanot and Amara Saint by a rugged and precipitous ridge, and on the east by an exceedingly deep and narrow defile from the village of Tanta. On the south the enormous majestic mountain mass known as the Kollo rises high up into the blue sky, its glittering glaciers flashing in the bright sunlight with all the sublime beauty of Alpine scenery. It was through the defiles and passes of this mountain that the advance on Magdala took place, for though the approach is very nearly as difficult as from the north or east, still the most difficult portions are not so immediately commanded as in the other quarters.

In our sketch the fortress of Magdala is represented in the centre back-ground, with the camps of King Theodore visible therein; the village of Tanta is seen in the fore-ground. The fortress was protected by twenty cannon, all of which it will be remembered were captured. The fortress covered an area of two miles square.

TENDERING THE NOMINATIONS.

The Committees of the late Republican and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Conventions, headed by General Hawley and Colonel Alleman, waited upon their nominees, General Grant and Mr. Colfax, on May 29, and formally announced to them the result of the choice of the Conventions. In reply to the remarks of Colonel Alleman General Grant significantly alluded to his gratification at possessing the confidence and support of the soldiers and sailors who had followed him during the war.

The Committee of the Republican Convention waited on General Grant in the evening at his residence. We illustrate the scene on page 372.

The spacious parlors were well filled. Among those present were Speaker Colfax, who was, by arrangement previously made, to be addressed at the same time; Mr. and Miss Mathews; Mrs. Grant; her sister, Mrs. Casey; Mrs. General Dent; their father, Mr. Dent; the members of the General's Staff; General Logan; Messrs. Hill and Halsey, of New Jersey; Van Horn, of New York; Van Horn, of Missouri; Governor Hawley, the President of the Convention; most of the officers thereof, several members of the National Committee, and many delegates, including J. H. Harris, the well-known colored orator of North Carolina.

In reply to the speech of General Hawley General Grant said:

"If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit, and the same will that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved upon me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform these duties to your entire satisfaction time will determine. You have truly said, in the course of your address, that I shall have no policy of my own to interfere against the will of the people."

THE CLOISTERS.

Come with me to the cloisters, Kate; the sultry heat of day
Has wearied me—I long to seek the shadows cool and gray.
Too brightly on the world without the summer sunshine falls,
But there is rest and shade within the old cathedral walls.

Beneath these dark-groin'd arches, where we wander to and fro,
In by-gone medieval times the monks paced long ago;
They told their beads and murmur'd prayers, while, ever between whiles,
The swell of chanting voices floated sweet down distant aisles.

Was theirs a calmer life than ours? or did they carry here
The passion of a throbbing heart, kept down for many a year,
Yet struggling madly with its bonds? Did longings wild and vain
Lend grief's deep pathos to the tones that breath'd the holy strain?

It might have been so: yet I think that outward calm is sweet,
For sorrow sought the sombre cell, and shunn'd the crowded street;
And better 'neath the cowl or veil to let the tears run free,
Than force them back to flood the heart, lest all the world should see!

Ah, Kate! those honest eyes of yours, how plainly do they say,
"And have you, then, some secret woe?—you, courted, rich, and gay,
The cherish'd wife, whose lightest wish her husband loves to crown,
What hidden burden can you bear to crush your spirit down?"

I know my own heart's bitterness. There is a lonely dell,
Deep in our dear old woods at home, and, Kate, we know it well;
We sought the place by tangled paths no stranger could have trod:
The soul has secret nooks like this, which none can find but God.

My life has such an unseen bower. I go on summer eves,
And hear my story of the past low whisper'd by the leaves;
There mourn I still o'er perish'd hopes I would have died to save,
And there my tears fall down like rain upon my first love's grave.

Kate, you are young and happy yet, but years will teach the truth,
That seldom does a woman wed the lover of her youth;
It may be that her idol falls and crumbles into clay,
Or death steals in upon her shrine and carries it away.

This desolation comes to most, and few escape the fate;
But better weep o'er empty shrines than shatter'd idols, Kate!
And when these wrecks in other lives I look around and see,
I think how very merciful my God has been to me.

We both were young, but he was poor—for gold is hard to win,
And many knock at Fortune's gate, but few can enter in;
And youth and love impatient urge the folly of delay:
It was to earn a home for me that Jamie went away.

He left me in the autumn days, the time of falling leaves,
When all the wide-spread harvest fields were bare of yellow sheaves;
But I look'd onward through my tears to brighter hours to come,
When Jamie should return once more, and bring *his* harvest home.

But Heaven will'd it otherwise. It never came, that time,
For Jamie wither'd in the sun of yon fierce Indian clime;
Thank God that Christian priests were there to whisper comfort blest,
And with our Church's exiled ones they laid him down to rest.

Well! there can be no doubting now to chill my thoughts of him,
No shadow of a vague distrust that clear, true light can dim;
I know that never other love that pulseless heart can fill,
And Jamie in his far-off grave is my own Jamie still.

But time has brought me comfort, Kate, and ties undream'd of then.
Listen! Far down the cloister floats the last sublime Amen!
Let us go out into the world—I feel that solomn strain
Will echo in my aching heart, and make it calm again.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"We are going to have some more rain, I think," wisely remarked a gentleman, the other day, to a friend in the car. "We haven't had any *less* yet," was the terse reply. And indeed May has been an anomaly this year, and has quite lost its good reputation. Umbrellas, over-shoes, and water-proofs have been in constant demand; and we have enjoyed a lengthy series of long storms and April-like showers. So we gladly welcome June, trusting that the "rainy season" is fairly over, and that summer has really come.

Scarcely any thing in the outward world gives one a fit of the "blues" so thoroughly as a succession of dull, damp, cloudy, and rainy weeks. No doubt there is considerable ground for this, physiologically. Yet we are very seldom really satisfied with the weather—it is either too hot or too cold, too windy or too sunny, too dry or too wet; and we fret, and fancy ourselves justified in so doing. It is a pity that there are so many human thermometers and barometers, rising and falling with every change of life's atmosphere; for those who habitually fret and fume about the weather usually find a great deal of friction whichever way they turn. The truth is, that no tonic or stimulant is half so inspiring, while plodding through life's journey, as a cheerful temper. What is the use of reiterating that this is a world of trial and trouble, and going about with a face "half a yard long?" Make the best of every thing! Do not fancy yourself a wretched victim to circumstances, and persuade yourself that every thing happens wrong! Look for "silver lining" of the clouds; catch the sunbeams that fall across your path; speak pleasant words in the home circle; frolic with the children; in short, stop grumbling, forget *self*, make others happy, and you will find that you have discovered the "true philosopher's stone!"

Two old familiar buildings are fast disappearing—the Church of the Puritans and St. George's Chapel. The former, situated at the corner of Broadway and Fifteenth Street, was built about 1846; the latter, on the corner of Beekman and Cliff streets, was erected about 1756, as Trinity Chapel. In 1812 it was burned down, and was rebuilt in 1814. At one time this was the aristocratic church of the aristocratic section of New York city. But with the general "up town" movement, the usefulness of a church so far down town has steadily diminished, and now it is being torn down.

A resident of Detroit has conceived the idea of making the perilous passage over the Falls of Niagara in an India rubber life-boat of peculiar construction. A contract for building the boat has been let to the Goodyear Rubber Company for $1000. The boat will be an oblong, with a mean diameter of eight feet, six inches thick at the top and sides, and three feet thick at the bottom. A shaft of the same material will extend from side to side in the centre, on which will be swung on a pivot a seat, to which the adventurous occupant will be fastened. Opening at the top will be an aperture sufficiently large for him to get inside, after which it will be filled with air and closed up. It is calculated that sufficient air can be retained to sustain life about twenty minutes. A small cable will be attached to the ball by which it will be towed after the descent shall have been made, for which purpose parties will be stationed below the falls. The model of this novel craft is now in Detroit, and there is no doubt that the attempt to carry this startling project into execution will be made during the present season.

A writer in a recent number of the *Galaxy* does not approve of pronouncing the words *either* and *neither* by giving the first syllable the sound of *i*. He remarks that "the analogically correct pronunciation of these words is what we call the Irish one, *ayther* and *nayther:* the diphthong having the sound it has in a large family of words in which the diphthong *ei* is the emphasized vowel sound—*weight, freight, deign, vein, obeisance*, etc. But *ayther* and *nayther*, being antiquated and Irish, analogy and the best usage require the common pronunciation *eether* and *neether*. For the pronunciation *i-ther* and *ni-ther*, with the *i* long, which is sometimes heard, there is not the authority either of analogy or the best speakers. It is an affectation, and, in this country, a copy of a second-rate British affectation. Persons of the best education and of the highest social position in England say *eether* and *neether*."

The great eruption of Mauna Loa on the island of Hawaii is said to be one of the most—if not *the* most—extensive volcanic eruptions ever known. On the 28th of March the shocks began, and continued with more or less severity until the final catastrophe, which occurred on April 2. The earth opened in various directions, the sea rose in extraordinary waves, villages were destroyed, and over 100 persons were killed. The whole island of Hawaii was enveloped in smoke, the gloom of which was lighted up by the stream of burning lava flowing down the side of the mountain. Upward of 2000 shocks occurred within twelve days. An eye-witness describes the scene at the eruption as a most melancholy one. There were hundreds of fine cattle grazing around the farm-houses when the lava streams surrounded them and hemmed them in. The poor animals seemed aware of the danger, but saw no way to escape. The fiery lava drew nearer and nearer till the heat made them restless, but they would not run. They bravely looked the bloody foe in the face, stood firm till it reached them, then fell into the stream—a sudden cloud of smoke followed, and not a sign remained. From the huge mouth of the crater four great fountains were continually throwing up boiling, blood-red lava and huge stones. The rapid, rolling river rushed and tumbled down the mountain, over the precipice, and down the valley to the sea, surging and roaring like a cataract with a fury perfectly indescribable. This river of fire varied from 500 to 1500 feet in width, and ran at the rate of ten miles an hour. A singular incident is mentioned. As the Kona packet was passing the south point of the island, about three miles from the shore, a conical island, 400 feet high, rose out of the sea, midway between the vessel and the land, emitting a column of steam and smoke. The lava river flows into the sea at this island, and has extended the shore out to it one mile at least, so that it is now on the main land. The packet was so near when this island burst up that the mud was spattered on the masts and sails of the vessel.

Somewhat less than two years ago a warm discussion took place in Congress, on the introduction of a resolution to contract with Miss Vinnie Ream for a life-size model and statue of Abraham Lincoln, at a price not exceeding $10,000. The topic elicited a variety of opinions; some declaring that no woman, certainly not a young and comparatively inexperienced one, was capable of being successful in such an undertaking; others expressing themselves as confident that the unusual genius of the artiste in question was a guaranty of success. The resolution was adopted, and for many months Miss Ream has been working on the model, which, of course, has been the subject of much adverse criticism. She made her study from life, and many consider that she has been very successful with the model. What will be the popular verdict when fully completed and cut in marble yet remains to be seen. As so many are skeptical about a woman's ability to produce any great work the young artiste must expect an unusual amount of criticism. Apparently she pursues her work industriously and enthusiastically. The busts and statuettes in her studio indicate that she has not been idle. An allegorical group representing the North, South, East, and West has engaged a good deal of her attention, and indicates originality of conception, as well as delicacy of detail in execution. Miss Ream is a native of Madison, Wisconsin, but has resided for some years in Washington. She was engaged in writing in one of the Departments at the time when she made her first attempt in the plastic art. She has had little regular artistic training, what she has accomplished being chiefly the results of natural genius and application. Her strong love for her work, and enthusiasm in it, warrant her in devoting herself to it, and striving for the utmost success. Criticism, whether deserved or undeserved, is often a help and a safeguard. Real genius, wherever it exists, will, in time, be cordially acknowledged and appreciated by all true lovers of art.

A visitor at the Paris Exposition, desirous of ascertaining what was the relative price of different joints of mutton in the Paris market, asked a well-known *restaurateur*, "What is the prime joint?" He said, "The prime joint, beyond all comparison, is the neck." "What is the next joint?" "The loin." "What is your lowest priced joint?" The reply was, "The leg." The fact is, the small cutlet and the large cutlet, that is to say, the neck and the loin, require very little fuel to cook them, whereas the leg of mutton requires a great deal of fuel. On the Continent fuel is very dear, and therefore the joints vary in price according to the value of the fuel, consequently you will there find necks and loins dear, and legs cheap.

Not long ago the Canal Bank of New Orleans was robbed of $50,000. The skill and ingenuity of the detectives in discovering the robber was really wonderful. On visiting the bank soon after the robbery they judged that the thief must be a tall man with long arms, to have taken the money from the spot where it had been deposited; and on a minute examination of the lower edge of the railing upon which he must have stepped, they discovered the imprint of a tack. Hence they argued that the man evidently had worn a machine-made shoe or boot, as in these a steel tack or rivet is always driven about the centre or just beyond the shank. The detectives immediately devoted themselves to the study of feet, hoping to catch a glimpse of a sole of a boot with a protruding tack. They sought long and vainly. At length one day in the City Hotel they observed a large man sitting in the reading-room with one foot on his knee, and endeavoring to bend down a tack in his boot with his pen-knife. He was tall, long-armed, and a tack protruded from his boot! It was but the work of a moment to arrest the man. He turned pale, and being taken to the Police-office confessed his guilt.

"I wish your sermons hadn't so much wrapping-paper!" was the criticism a lady once ventured to give her really excellent pastor. His thoughts were covered with too many words, and it was hard to find them.

The Parisian snail-vendor is a curious sight. He trundles through the street a large, shallow hand-cart, covered with snails crawling all over it. A dozen can be purchased for the small sum of two sous; you can select them yourself, and carry them away in a paper bag. Some people eat them raw, like oysters; others roast them with savory herbs. The best snails come from Burgundy in the autumn, and are fattened on the vine leaves. The ordinary kinds are gathered in every ditch outside the city, the several cemeteries yielding the largest supplies.

A few days ago a young lady from the country happened to be walking in a part of the city where the "squatters" reside, and houses are more numerous than nice. One "edifice" attracted her attention, which she described as "a little better than her father's hog-pen, but not nearly so good as his cow-house." On the door, however, were the portentous words, "*Apartments to let!*"

Heller is exhibiting a new trick in London which he calls the "Girl of the Period." He throws a young woman, aged about sixteen, out of a hat!

There is a proposition to establish homes in Chicago for working-men, with board and lodging at three dollars per week.

There are now congregated at Jerome Park about one hundred horses, which are in a course of preparation for the coming contests. Some of the most celebrated horses from all sections of the country are among the seekers for racing honors.

As the Chinese Embassy were passing from a photograph gallery to their carriages one day there was a little delay upon the sidewalk. An over-inquisitive "lady," standing by one of them, forgetful of good-breeding in her desire for knowledge, deliberately took in her ungloved hand his long and elaborately plaited cue, and critically examined it. The Chinese gentleman eyed the "lady" a moment, then, a smile lighting up his face, he bowing, as he glanced at her own *coiffure*, said, "All mine! All mine!" The inquisitive female retired in disgust, while the smile grew broader on Mr. Tung's visage as he entered his carriage and was driven away.

Years ago, when the Erie Canal was first begun, the subject was brought up for discussion in a Quaker meeting. It was opposed by an influential member on the ground of its being a speculation. Among other objections, he went on to say, "When God created the world if he had wished canals he would have made them." Thereupon "a weighty Friend" rose up and said slowly, in the intoning voice in which they always speak in meeting, "*And Jacob digged a well.*" Then, leaving the inference to be drawn, he sat down without another word.

The following "marriage maxims" are worthy of more than a hasty reading. Gentlemen need not pass them by, for they are designed for *wives;* and ladies should not despise them, for they are addressed to *husbands:*

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never talk at one another either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-obligation be the daily aim and effort of each.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and then always speak lovingly.

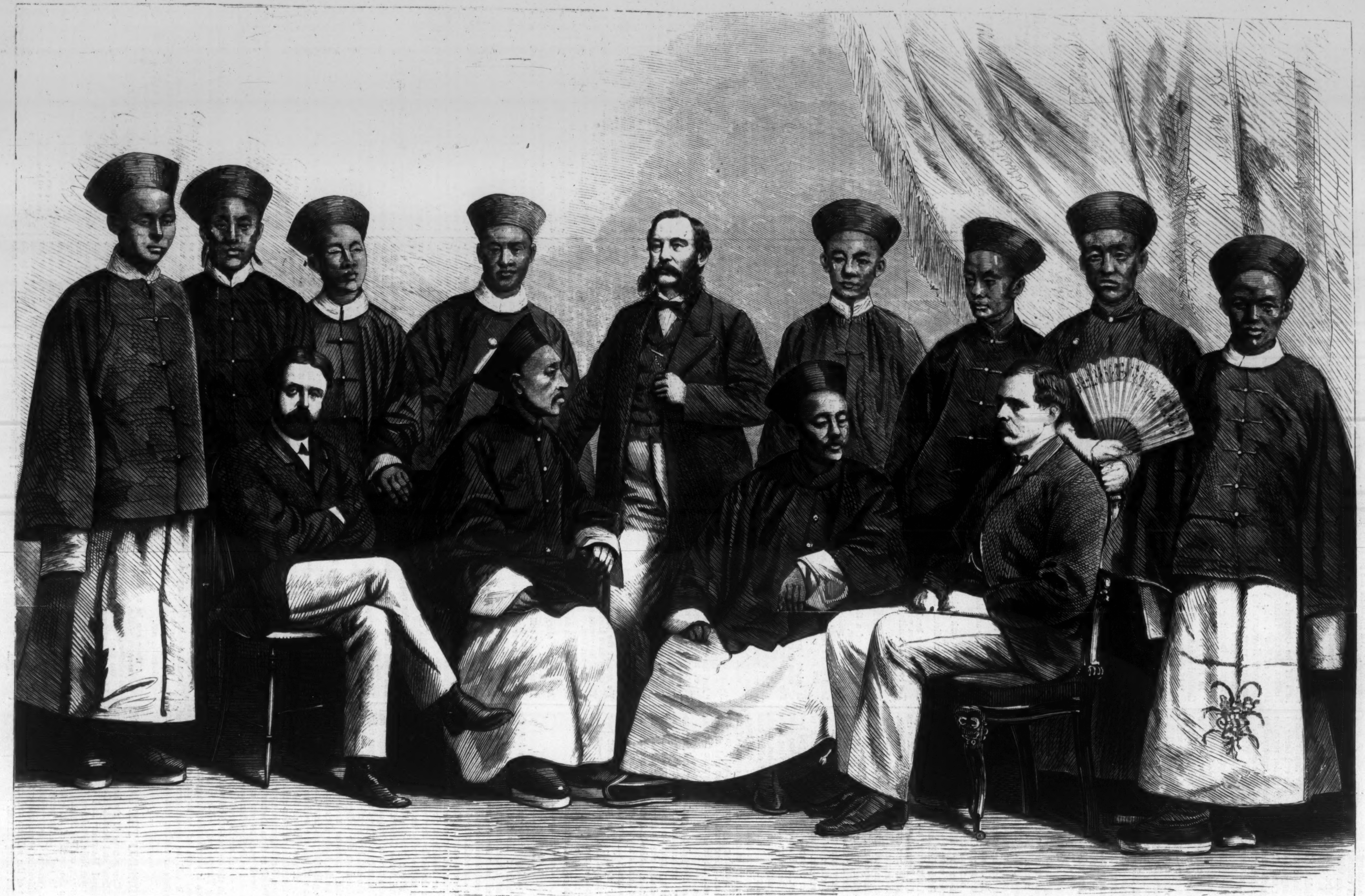
Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

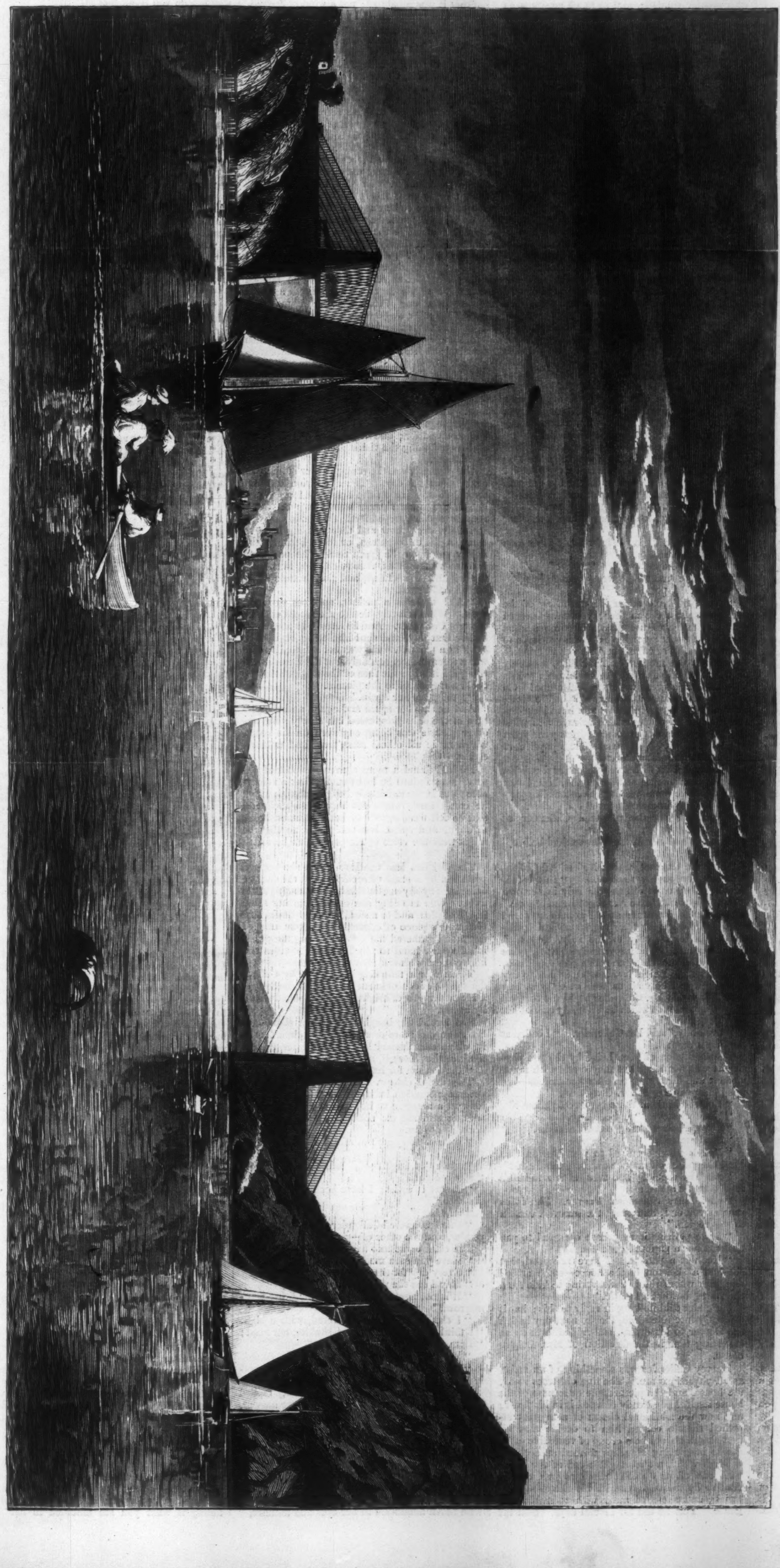
Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.



Interpreters. M. de Champs. Chih-Tajin. Minister Burlingame. Sun-Tajin. J. MacLeavy Brown. Interpreters.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 377.]



PROPOSED SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON RIVER, NEAR ANTHONY'S NOSE, IN THE HIGHLANDS, AS PLANNED BY GENERAL EDWARD W. SERRELL, ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF.—[Drawn by A. W. Thompson.]

NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

We present our readers to-day with an engraving, by A. W. Thompson, of the bridge which is to cross the Hudson River at a point about seven miles south of the Military Academy at West Point, and is to connect the railways on the west side of the river directly with the city of New York and the New England States. The highlands of the Hudson afford the means of crossing the river with one span, at an elevation sufficient to allow vessels of any size to pass under it without obstruction.

The enormous coal trade of the Eastern States, which is growing greater every year, has for a long time called the attention of capitalists to the procurement of additional facilities, and this, in connection with the desire of the citizens of New York, that the great railway system of the State should terminate directly in the city, instead of, as it now does, on the west bank of the river, within the limits of another jurisdiction, last year resulted in the organization of an association of which Hon. N. P. Stanton, well known in leading railroad circles, is President.

This association took upon themselves the formation of a railroad corporation, to connect the Erie Railway with the railroads on the east side of the Hudson, and they organized the Erie and New England Railroad Company, to run from Turners, on the Erie Railway, to Derby, in Connecticut. The same association has recently procured from the Legislature of the State of New York the exclusive right to bridge the Hudson River within certain limits, and having elected General Edward W. Serrell their engineer, they intrusted this experienced gentleman with the location of their lines of railway in this State, and Colonel M. O. Davidson, the Chief Engineer of the New Haven and Derby Railway, with that part of their road which lies in Connecticut; and General Serrell was called upon to select the position and prepare the plans for the Great Bridge. That part of the railway contemplated by the association in the State of New York is already commenced, and active preparations are being made in Connecticut.

The following are some of the dimensions of the proposed bridge: Clear span, 1600 feet; length of bridge between the towers, 1665 feet; total length, including approaches, 2499 feet; height of bridge above high-water, 155 feet; height of towers above the water, 280 feet; working safe load for the railroad lines, 2400 tons; working safe load for the highways, 2880 tons; total safe load for the bridge, 5280 tons; load that would break the bridge, 25,171 tons; miles of steel wire in cables, 70,302; total weight of iron and steel in the bridge, 17,005 tons; total amount of masonry, 58,084 cubic yards; total suspended weight, 9651 tons.

There will be twenty cables, in four systems; each cable will be 14 inches in diameter. The bridge will carry at one time 32 passenger cars: it would carry safely 34,560 people and 60 locomotives, if they could be placed upon it at once; 18,000 people and 53 locomotives would fill it. From the dimensions given above, it will be seen that this bridge will be longer than any one yet built on the continent, though a span of 1610 feet is projected in the bridge undertaken to be built across the St. Lawrence at Quebec.

These figures will show the enormous strength it is proposed it shall possess. New York city and every part of the country, east and west, are interested in it, and it is to be hoped the work upon the ground will soon be entered upon vigorously.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

In a previous Number of the *Weekly* we gave some particulars relative to the purposes of the Embassy from China which Mr. Anson Burlingame heads. We give on page 376 the portraits of the personages of the Embassy.

The Embassy proper is composed of Mr. Burlingame and the two Chinese dignitaries who appear in the engraving seated on his right and left. These are Chih-Tajin and Sun-Tajin, mandarins of the second rank in the Flowery Kingdom. They are called "Mandarins of the Peacock's Feather," from the fact that they are entitled to wear that emblem of nobility. Chih-Tajin is of Tartar extraction; a man of about 60 years of age, about five feet eight inches high, and has a pale and somewhat studious cast of countenance. This is increased by a pair of spectacles which his weak eyesight compels him to wear. Sun-Tajin, who is a "true blue Chinaman," appears about 50 years of age, is taller and more stoutly framed than his fellow-nobleman. Both are very observant, every thing having the appearance of novelty is simultaneously inquired about and criticised with impartiality. They wear small mustaches, and all the portion of the head in front of the ears is shaved, the rest of the hair is suffered to grow long, and, being plaited tightly, falls nearly to the ground.

The attachés of the Embassy consist of J. MacLeavy Brown, First Secretary of Legation; Monsieur **Edouard de Champs**, Second Secretary of Legation; six native interpreters—two speaking English, two French, and two Russian—and a native physician and two writers to the Embassy.

STEADFAST.

As one entranced will sometimes gaze afar
  Into the deep blue night,
At the sweet radiance of some special star
  That shines supremely bright;

His look concentred—all the rest unrecked
  Their glowing courses run:
Though by ten myriad gems the heavens are decked,
  To him there is but one.

So I look up into a glorious face,
  Into a calm kind eye,
Radiant with queenly nobleness and grace,
  Clear as a cloudless sky.

Not bright—as brooks that o'er the shallows roll,
  But oh! so pure and deep
With fathomless serenity of soul—
  Like ocean in a sleep.

There might be faces fifty times as fair,
  Oh, dear-loved lady mine!
But though there were, I'd neither know nor care—
  I'm blind to all but thine.

A STRANGE PATIENT.

It was a strange house, without and within; strange in its architecture, strange in appointments, but stranger than all in its tenantry. It was equally a mystery why the house had been built and for whom; and for the eight or ten years of its existence but two persons of the little town in whose suburbs it stood had ever entered it, and but two of its occupants had ever been known to come forth from it into the town. But the two visitors to the house had seen and heard nothing; the two who occasionally made brief business errands into the town had never spoken of the house or the mystery which surrounded it—in fact did not seem to know that such mystery existed.

The minister and the doctor of the village had been in the house; the former without, the latter by invitation; but the minister had been coldly received, and the doctor had not been allowed to penetrate beyond the reception-room. The minister had been assured, very respectfully and firmly, that his good offices were not demanded; the doctor had been asked to prescribe for some person he had never seen! Mrs. Watkins Leigh, the mysterious lady of the house, had described to him the existence of symptoms which it was plain to see she did not have, though she had invariably spoken of herself as the patient, so that the doctor became convinced that there was another patient in the house, but who it was he could not guess; and beyond this fact he saw only that the lady *was* a lady—in manners and education a very superior woman—that she was surrounded by the comforts and elegances which wealth can ever procure, but evidently without any peace of mind. In fact he saw that there was some great trouble weighing her down; he beheld, with some surprise, her occasional vehemence of manner, her volubility of tongue, her nervousness of hand, and the flashing of her eyes when certain subjects and symptoms were alluded to; and at length, noticing that these excitements invariably ensued when allusion was made to brain diseases, mental hallucinations, etc., Dr. Gray came to the conclusion that the mysterious and invisible patient was a maniac. She always asked his advice as if for herself; but of course the elegant, educated, vigorous-minded woman before him could not be such a patient. Another thing satisfied him that there was or had been a lunatic in the house. Mrs. Leigh frequently led the conversation to the subject of mental hallucinations, and always spoke most clearly and comprehensively and knowingly, as well as with the most feeling and energy, upon this subject. It was evident that the skeleton in the house—the skeleton in Mrs. Leigh's life—was some lunatic relation.

All this and the additional fact that a high wall and thick orange hedge surrounded the house, Dr. Gray explained, with even more detail than I have given, to his young friend and fellow-practitioner, Harvey Callender, who had come down from the great city to spend a month of the hot summer with his own and his father's friend. And after hearing it all Dr. Callender had remarked that it was certainly a very mysterious case, and suggested that he should not mind being summoned in consultation.

"And as my specialty, Doctor," he added, "is affections of the brain, suppose you suggest it."

"But the old lady never admits that she has any such patient in the house. She never alludes to such a thing."

"But you say she certainly reverts to the subject of lunacy."

"Yes. Almost every time I visit her she has something new to suggest or ask about it; and I confess many of her questions puzzle me. The fact is, Harvey, she has studied the subject much more closely than I have. Do you know she actually asked me my opinion of the case of Lady Macbeth?"

"Ah, that is a case which has puzzled many a better physician than she or you or I. It's a very remarkable case."

"I wish you could talk with her. I think you can comprehend her."

"I wish I could. The next time she talks on the subject suggest that I have made the study a specialty, and that I have had some success, and suggest an interview."

It did not need a second suggestion from the old doctor. When he mentioned the name of young Callender, the eye of the tall, stately old lady flashed with unusual interest, and she quickly intimated that she knew of him and his successes in the treatment of the insane. And then, with greater volubility and as much accuracy as Dr. Gray could have done it, she ran over a list of young Callender's published operations and their peculiarities, and showed that she was very intimate, not only with the general principles involved in the treatment of the mentally afflicted, but of numerous famous cases. She intimated her great desire to see him, and made an appointment to meet him the next day.

Dr. Callender found the tall and stately lady a thorough gentlewoman in appearance and manner. She was richly dressed in black, and had, according to Dr. Gray, bestowed great pains on her toilet. He had not conversed on general topics with her five minutes before Dr. Callender recognized that she was a very superior woman in point of education.

Mrs. Leigh was the first to allude to the subject of her patient—or her imaginary patient. It was an indirect reference to a case of Dr. Callender's reported in a late journal—a case of perverted morals, premonitory of, rather than actual insanity, in which a mother, who had formerly displayed the deepest love and affection for her children, had suddenly become very cruel toward them, and had persistently punished them in a very terrible manner.

"It was a case in which I was much interested," she said, "for I knew its opposite—the case of children who had persecuted their mother and grandmother in the same way."

"Indeed," said Callender; "I should like to hear of that case."

"But it is you who are to tell me of your cases," she said, smiling. "I can not give you the whole of the facts in my—in the case I mentioned. I can not make out a diagnosis."

Dr. Callender then alluded to the case which she had mentioned, in such a manner as to lead Mrs. Leigh to frequent remarks on the peculiar symptoms of the case, and he listened to her with great interest. At length, when he had finished, she laughed heartily for a moment, and to Callender's inquiry as to the cause of her merriment, she replied:

"Oh! Doctor, I see you have made a common error in such cases."

"Indeed!" he answered. "How?"

"You have treated the wrong person."

"The wrong person?"

"Yes; you have taken the testimony of the children against the mother; you have listened to the evidence of the insane children against their sane mother; you have aided ingratitude to triumph over filial affection. The children were insane, not the mother." And then, suddenly growing furiously excited, she exclaimed: "You have aided in a great wrong, a foul crime! Go home to your closet and expiate it before God; then to the dungeon in which you have incarcerated the victim of your false science and their deadened filial affection, and redress your great crime and theirs. You are a faithless physician! They are ungrateful children!"

And saying this with a vehemence and passion as totally inexplicable as unexpected, Mrs. Leigh swept from the room, leaving the astonished physicians looking in amazement at each other.

"Rather sympathetic," said Callender at length, sententiously.

"I never saw her in the least excited before," remarked Dr. Gray.

"Singular conduct, wasn't it?" added Callender, now thoroughly recovered. "But come, Doctor, as we can't discuss the lady in her own house, suppose we leave our regrets and begone."

They called a servant; an old woman answered the bell; and leaving their regrets at having disturbed the equanimity of the lady, they took their departure. The servant subsequently came running after them, and on coming up with them, said that Mrs. Leigh had instructed her to say that she would be glad to see Dr. Gray at any time, but would Dr. Callender avoid the renewal of an acquaintance which had already caused her such deep pain?

"Certainly," said Dr. Callender. "I called at the lady's request."

The discussion of Mrs. Leigh by the two physicians was not long, but they dwelt with much interest and for a long time on her patient—her imaginary patient, as Dr. Gray said.

"You think, then, there is no real patient?"

"None whatever," replied Gray.

"Except herself," suggested Callender.

"She! herself!"

"Has it never occurred to you, Doctor, that Mrs. Leigh herself may be somewhat affected?"

"No," he replied; and then, after a minute's reflection, he added:

"Oh! that's ridiculous, Harvey. She is as sane as you or I, and about the smartest woman in this region."

"Then perhaps it may have occurred to you that she has a patient in the house?"

"No, not a patient. I have imagined that she had a skeleton in the house—some misled daughter whom she is endeavoring to hide from the world, but not a lunatic."

Callender said nothing in reply to this; but it evidently interested him, for the next day he left the Doctor to his duties, and sallied forth on an exploring tour in the direction of Mrs. Leigh's house.

Harvey Callender was something of an artist, as all physicians are. The fine old trees round the house, and the picturesque queerness of the house itself, had already enlisted it in his favor; and now the additional charm of a mystery attached thereto caused him to decide that his first sketch should be a group of venerable oaks, whose interlacing branches formed an archway through which a quaint gable-end of the house with one of its queerest windows was visible. And so he sallied forth with his sketching materials, and sketched away with tolerable diligence. This he did for several days. Still the house preserved its aspect of perfect desolation; not a sound, not a sign to tempt one into the belief that it was inhabited; not a window opened, not a shutter unclosed—all was quiet:

> "A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
>   That said as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted."

"Yes, if I could believe in any thing of the sort," mused Dr. Callender, "I should most decidedly affirm that the place is haunted; and all that remains is to see the ghost. There's no one living on this side of it, that's certain. A curious place it is. I must get a nearer peep."

And he strolled along toward the thick green hedge. It was impenetrable. Not a single bough would yield to his efforts, and the roots of the tough old bushes were too closely grown for his admittance. In vain he searched for some friendly weakness in the branches, but not one gave way; so he was obliged to content himself with trying to find a peep-hole through which he might examine the edifice. In this he was successful. A dreary range of barred windows met his view. No sign of life; a dreamy sense of decay, of death, crept over him. But as he still gazed, fascinated to the spot, he fancied that for a single moment he noticed a slight movement at one of the windows; a small portion of a shutter was drawn back, and he saw an apparition that made him start.

A face was visible for a moment, and then vanished; the shutter closed again, and he scarcely knew if it were a dream or a reality.

A lovely vision, with dark flashing eyes and golden brown hair tossed back from the white face—so white that it had an almost unearthly look. It might be a spirit, who knew? There were strange old stories of haunted houses not to be accounted for; and he watched and watched, and then finding the vision was not repeated he went home.

But promptly was the young Doctor on the spot again the next day. The apparition did not appear so soon as on the first occasion; but at length the same shutter was drawn back, the same lovely face peeped forth, the window opened stealthily, every now and then pausing as if to listen, a girl of seventeen, or thereabout, sprang lightly out upon the green turf. She paced up and down a few times, then re-entering the house, the window was closed, and the shutters again barred and bolted.

"Ah! there is a patient, and her eyes are dark. What a lovely picture she would make!" thought Callender. And he returned home much earlier that day, and shut himself up and set to work at a portrait. He was not satisfied; there was a resemblance, certainly, but there was something spiritual in the face of the original that he could not transfer to the picture.

"I must see her again."

And he saw her again and again, and the picture of the oaks progressed but slowly; for another picture was being engraven on his heart, which made all others seem tame and uninteresting.

He had found a more convenient post of observation; indeed he had found at last a vulnerable place in the unfriendly hedge, through which he could easily make his way if so inclined; and he felt that, sooner or later, he must break through, and speak but one word, so that he might hear the voice of *his* patient, as he called her.

The girl was less cautious now; she seemed possessed by a sense of security, and the fear of being seen by any one outside had evidently passed away. One morning she came from her room to the garden, and to a small summer-house near Callender's place of concealment. She stooped down and gathered the flowers among the grass, lifted up her hand to pluck the hedge-roses and honey-suckles almost above her reach.

There was a tempting spray close by Callender's place of concealment; she pulled the boughs aside, and a pair of bright blue eyes looked steadily at her.

She loosed the bough and gave a slight cry, but there was more of astonishment than fear in it, which emboldened Harvey Callender to part the branches himself, and to say:

"Pardon me for having startled you."

The deep, clear voice evidently had some strange attraction in it for her; it was as if it brought a message to her that she had long expected; still she did not reply, but gazed wonderingly at him.

"I am so sorry; I am afraid I have alarmed you."

"I am not frightened," said the little lady; "who are you?"

"A sort of artist; I have been making some sketches."

"Of what?"

"One," answered Callender, "of the old oaks yonder, and the other of—yourself."

The color came into her face.

"Have you seen me often?"

"Every day for the last fortnight."

"May I see the picture?"

"It is not here. Will you let me bring it to-morrow?"

"I don't know," she answered, with a sigh. "I think not. No," said she, shaking her head; "I am afraid it must not be; no."

"Why?"

"Because I think it must not. I don't exactly know why."

"Then it is not a very good reason," replied Harvey. "'Yes' will be a much better answer, because I shall be grieved not to show it to you."

"Shall you? I should not like to grieve any one."

"Then, may I come?"

"Ye-es," she answered, hesitatingly; "but I must go now."

She was about to depart, when suddenly she turned again and astonished Callender by asking, with much animation in her eyes and manner,

"Are you a Prince?"

"A Prince?" he replied. "No, my child; why should you think that?"

"Oh! I so hoped that you were a Prince, and had come to waken me."

"To waken you?"

"Yes. Do you not know I am asleep, like the Princess in the story, and that a handsome Prince is to come and waken me with a kiss, and I am to love him forever and to be his wife?"

"Who told you that, child?"

"I read it in the books which grandma gave me."

"Grandmother? you mean Mrs. Leigh?"

"Yes, Grandmother Leigh. Do you know her?"

"Yes. I have seen her. Is she fond of you?"

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly; "she is good to me, and gives me toys and books and nice things to eat; but she does not let me see papa and mamma, nor any one but old Fannie, the nurse."

"And where is papa and mamma?"

"Grandma Leigh says they are gone far away, and I shall not know them until the Prince comes to waken me. Oh, I wish he would come!"

"Who told you the Prince was coming?"

"I read of it in the books, and old Fannie told me that some time the Prince would come for me, and then the spell of the wicked old Godmother would be broken, and I should go with him into the beautiful world and be so happy and beloved."

"And so you shall some day, my child," said Callender, smoothing her hair and half embracing her, as if she was—as indeed she appeared—but a child in years, as she evidently was in mind. "You have been cruelly wronged. How long have you been shut up in this gloomy house?"

"Ever since papa went away."

"Do you know how many years ago that was?"

Her answer revealed that she had no knowledge whatever of time.

"I was only a small thing then, so little that papa, when he said 'Good-by,' and went to sleep, lifted me in his arms, though they said he was very weak."

"And you have lived ever since with your grandmother?"

"And old Fannie, too," she answered.

"And you have seen no one else?"

"How could I when I slept!"

"But you shall, my child," he answered.

"Shall I?" she cried, joyfully.

"I am come to waken and restore you to life. I am sent to love you—"

But the girl, sinking on his breast, answered only with a scream of terror, as the tall figure of Mrs. Leigh pushed through the vines of the arbor and stood before them.

"Begone!" she exclaimed to Callender. "I expelled you at the front entrance, and you enter like a thief at the rear. Begone, Sir; and seek no more to disturb the brain of this afflicted child."

But Callender did not move. He only clasped more firmly the form of the poor simple girl, and placed himself between her and her grandmother.

"I will go, madam," he said at length; "but she must go with me."

"She go with you!" exclaimed Mrs. Leigh. "By what right do you demand this? Who are you that have dared break through and steal the treasure that I have for years kept fresh and beautiful—a heart unknowing the dark, sinful world—a heart unsullied by any love save love to its Maker? Go, I command you, go; and never darken this place again!"

But the poor girl sprang forward.

"He must not go! he shall not go! Grandmother, he is my Prince, and I am to love him. I can not live without him. I can come to no harm with him, and I will go with him."

"Poor simple child! you have deceived me, and are deceived yourself; and you," she continued to Callender, "have taught my child deceit. Before she saw you she had no concealment from her old grandmother. I thought to keep her pure in heart, ready for that better world whither we are journeying."

Callender looked at the speaker in astonishment. Evidently she divined the young man's thoughts.

"I am not mad," she went on, with a somewhat scornful smile; "my words are not quite so wild as you take them to be. I am an old woman, while my grand-daughter is scarce past the threshold of girlhood; and yet we are both on the eve of that long journey from whence there is no returning. Nay, it may be that my weary eyes will watch the departure of the young girl, ere I set out with tottering footsteps to follow in the same track. For look," she said, pointing with her thin finger toward the shrinking girl—"look, and read it on that white face—in those eyes! The curse of her family is upon her!" The girl had started forward, and now stood, with clasped hands and parted lips, gazing wildly at her grandmother.

"I am not dying! I can not die! My life has only just begun. Do not let me die. Take me away with you."

"Go," said Mrs. Leigh to Callender, this time entreatingly. "Why did you come hither to cause misery? Was it not enough that I kept aloof from those around me, and chose to lead a life of seclusion? Why need the idle world trouble itself about my affairs and trespass upon my sorrows? Oh, child! child! I thought to spare you this, and it has come upon you of itself."

"Not of itself," began Callender.

"Not of itself?" interrupted Mrs. Leigh. "I understand what you would say. All is heaven-sent, destined, or whatever you will. It may or may not be—I deny it not. There is some measure of destiny for all; and the destiny of her family is what you see unfolded in her eyes.

The curse has worked, and will work, from generation unto generation."

"Hush, hush!" said Callender. "The curse I do indeed behold, but it is not in her eyes."

"Not in hers?"

"No; not in hers, but in yours. It is you who are accursed! You are the monomaniac!"

With a loud scream Mrs. Leigh rushed from the arbor and fled to the house. Without wasting a moment in idle thought Callender followed her, half leading, half carrying the delicate form of the young girl. In one of the halls he met the old servant, who had evidently seen her mistress, and was helpless with fright at her manner. Dr. Callender at once ordered her to go for Dr. Gray, and then, accompanied by the young girl, who clung to him helplessly, he entered the room of Mrs. Leigh.

She was lying in the middle of the floor, not insensible, but helpless and speechless. She was soon placed upon the bed, where it was found she was partially paralyzed, and unable to comprehend or answer the questions which were put to her.

"Have you any medicines here, my child?"

Callender asked the question, but without hope of an intelligent reply from the young girl. He was equally surprised and gratified to hear her reply with much presence of mind,

"Oh yes! grandmother always had plenty of medicines in the house;" and running to a closet she opened it and displayed two or three shelves nicely arranged and filled with drugs of various kinds. Callender seized a vial of ether and applied his saturated handkerchief to her nostrils. He subsequently gave her a strong opiate, and by the time Dr. Gray had arrived the old lady was in a deep slumber.

She never fully recovered in either mind or body, but lingered on for years under Callender's treatment, and gradually wasted away. She never knew a lucid interval, and never explained the circumstances which had led to the imprisonment of her grand-daughter.

But the facts in the case were otherwise established, both legally and medically, and the reader more curious as to the legal and medical facts involved than to the romance embraced in this remarkable case will find it fully reported in Dutton, Mass. sta. I., 167, and in Braithwaite's Ret., XII., 243. It was established in proceedings taken by Callender to obtain the guardianship of the young girl (and principally by the evidence of the old nurse Fannie), that Mrs. Leigh's mind had been affected by the marriage of her daughter in opposition to her wishes, and that subsequently her aberration developed into a confirmed monomaniac on the early death of little Lucy's mother. The death shortly after of her father had placed the charge of the child in the grandmother's hands, and she had begun her education by her immediate seclusion. This was eleven years previous to the incidents here recorded, and from that time until she had met Callender, Lucy Merrill had grown up in ignorance of the world. Naturally her worldly education had been greatly neglected, and she fell into the hands of Dr. Callender a delicate, fragile, tender flower, but which in a short time he developed into a strong and healthy one, and which in after years, satisfied that her mind had not been dwarfed nor her affections and moral perceptions dulled by her strange imprisonment, he plucked for himself and wore on his breast for many happy years.

WHAT SPIDERS TEACH US.

WEAVERS.

Not without some reason are spiders classed by naturalists with the Arachnida, named from Arachne, the Lydian woman who excelled in *weaving*. The story is that Arachne challenged Minerva to a contest in the art, and having been surpassed, hanged herself, when the goddess in pity turned her into a spider. It is not, indeed, strictly true that the web of the house spider is fabricated of a regular warp and woof, though books of natural history, all copying from one another, have so described them. The spider, having fixed the thread which is to form the outer margin or selvage of her web, draws other threads in various directions, and then fills up the interstices by running from one thread to another and connecting them by new threads until the whole has assumed the gauze-like texture which we see. Still the fabric is appropriately termed a web, and the makers of it are denominated weavers.

WIRE-MAKERS.

In manufacturing the threads for its web, the spider may be said to illustrate the process of *wire-drawing*. A wire owes its roundness to the fact that it has been drawn through a circular hole in a plate of steel, and its diameter of course is no larger than that of the hole it was last drawn through. In the steel plate we should see regular lines of holes of gradually diminishing diameter, and the wire passing through these in succession is stretched to whatever degree of fineness may be desired. If we examine a large spider we may see with the naked eye five little teat-like protuberances, or spinners, near the apex of the abdomen. These are the machinery through which, by a process more singular than that of rope-spinning, more perfect than that of wire-drawing, the thread is drawn. A magnifying-glass will show us that these spinnerets are studded with regular rows of minute bristle-like points—about a thousand to each teat—each of which is a minute tube, and emits a thread of inconceivable fineness. The analogy with wire-drawing is not complete, inasmuch as the threads do not appear to pass through holes of gradually diminishing size, yet some of the tubes are larger than others, and the diameter of the thread is thus determined.

BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

Spiders wishing to pass from one elevated spot to another, across an intervening stream or other obstacle, do so by means of a *bridge* consisting of a thread emitted from their own bodies. They depend on a favoring breeze to get this thread carried across, and they may be seen under such circumstances, ascertaining which way the current sets by elevating their arms, as sailors do in a dead calm. Satisfied that the opportunity is favorable, they proceed to fix one end of their rope-bridge on the spot where they find themselves, and that in a manner so ingenious as to be worth man's imitation under similar circumstances. The thread is not attached to the wall, tree, or other object as a single line, but every threadlet, or strand, is separately fixed, a contrivance which gives a more secure hold. It is necessary to give the wind a *point d'appui*—something upon which it may have a *purchase*, as a mechanic would say—and since one end is fixed to the object, as already described, and the other is in process of issuing from the gum-bag of the spider, it would appear that the double or bend of the thread answers this purpose, and that the thread itself consists of a double line. As the line goes loose, like the cable of a ship, to take its chance of *anchoring* somewhere, it is necessary to test its firmness of hold before using it as a bridge, and the spider may be seen pulling at it with its first pair of legs for this purpose. The geometric spider of the garden, wishing to try the strength of the cable on which she means to hang her net, is not content with the test of pulling it with her legs, but drops herself down several feet from various points of it, swinging and bobbing with the whole weight of her body.

ENGINEERS.

The web of a geometric spider furnishes a better *plan for the laying out of new cities* than any which has yet been devised by surveyors and engineers. Any one who can find a distinct and complete web, unbroken, will see how beautifully regular it is, and how perfectly adapted for the quickest passage from any one point to another. The concentric rings are not circles, but polygons, and the radiating is exquisitely regular and straight.

DIVERS.

The oldest information respecting the use of the *diving-bell* in Europe relates to the first half of the sixteenth century, and is concerning two Greeks, who, in the presence of Charles V. and ten thousand spectators, "let themselves down under water in a large inverted kettle, with a burning light, and rose up again without being wet." But long before Charles V.'s time, and ages before the Greeks besieged Troy, the diving water-spider was showing her silver diving-bell in our streams and ditches, without any thought of taking out a patent, or notion that she was doing any thing wonderful. Her abode is constructed on philosophical principles, and consists of a subaqueous yet dry apartment, in which, like a mermaid, she resides in comfort. Loose threads, attached in various directions to the leaves of aquatic plants, form the frame-work of her chamber. Over these she spreads a transparent (elastic) varnish, like liquid glass, which issues from the middle of her spinners. Next she spreads over her belly a pellicle of the same material, and ascends to the surface to entangle and carry down a supply of air. Head downward, and with her body, all but the spinneret, still submersed, our diver seems to introduce the atmospheric bubble beneath the pellicle which surrounds her. Clothed in this aerial mantle, which to the spectator seems formed of resplendent quicksilver, she plunges to the bottom, and with as much dexterity as a chemist transfers gas with a gas-holder, introduces her bubble of air beneath the roof prepared for its reception. This manœuvre is ten or twelve times repeated, and when she has transported sufficient air to expand her apartment to its intended dimensions, she possesses an aerial edifice, an enchanted palace, where, unmoved by storms, she devours her prey at ease.

PIRATICAL SPIDERS.

Another spider, of an aquatic turn and of large size, actually builds a *raft* for the purpose of obtaining its prey with more facility. It is able to run freely on the water, but needs a resting-place or base of operations, and accordingly, getting together a quantity of dry leaves and other substances, gathers them together in a rough ball of about three inches in diameter, which it fastens together with slight silken cords. Keeping its station upon this ball it is wafted along the surface of the water till it comes near to some drowning insect, or some gnat just putting on its wings with a view to leave the water for the air, when it pounces on its prey, and drags it to the raft to be devoured at leisure. The raft also serves another purpose, the spider retiring under it when alarmed by any danger.

MASONS AND BUILDERS.

There is a burrowing spider which not only excavates a circular hole and lines it with a silken web, but at the entrance fixes a circular *door with a hinge*. One of these nests, which came from the West Indies, is described as having the door about the size of a crown-piece, slightly concave on the outside and convex within. It was formed of more than a dozen layers of the same web which lined the interior, closely laid upon one another, and shaped so that the inner layers were the broadest, the outer being gradually less in diameter, except toward the hinge, which was about an inch long; and in consequence of all the layers being united there and prolonged into the tube, it became the thickest and strongest part of the structure. "The elasticity of the materials also gives to this hinge the remarkable peculiarity of acting like a spring, and shutting the door of the nest spontaneously. It is, besides, made to fit so accurately to the aperture, which is composed of similar concentric layers of web, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the joining by the most careful inspection. To gratify curiosity, the door has been opened and shut hundreds of times, without in the least destroying the power of the spring. When the door is shut it resembles some of the lichens, or the leathery fungi, such as *polyporus versicolor*, or, nearer still, the upper valve of a young oyster-shell. The door of the nest, the only part seen above ground, being of a blackish-brown color, it must be very difficult to discover." These and allied species of spiders are gifted with a particular talent for building. They hollow out dens, they bore galleries, they elevate vaults, they build, as it were, subterranean bridges; they construct also entrances to their habitations, and adapt doors to them, which want nothing but bolts, for without any exaggeration they work upon a hinge and are fitted to a frame.

One of the trap-door spiders, which is also a mason spider, makes its habitation in a clayey kind of red earth, in which it bores a tube about three inches in depth. The walls of the tube are not left just as they are bored, but are covered with a kind of mortar sufficiently solid to be easily separated from the mass that surrounds it. If the tube is divided longitudinally, besides this rough cast it appears to be covered with a coat of fine mortar, which is as smooth and regular as if a trowel had been passed over it. This coat is very thin and soft to the touch; but before this adroit workman lays it, she covers the coarser earthy plaster-work with some coarse web upon which she glues her silken tapestry.

AWNING MANUFACTURERS.

The Mygale, the monster bird-killing spider of Ceylon, choosing the hollow of a tree or a hole in the wall of a neglected building, lines it with a tapestry of silk of a tubular form, and of a texture so exquisitely fine and so closely woven that no moisture can penetrate it. The extremity of the tube is carried out to the entrance, where it expands into a little platform, stayed by braces to the nearest objects that afford a firm hold. In particular situations, where the entrance is exposed to the wind, the Mygale, on the approach of the monsoon, extends the strong tissue above it so as to serve as an awning to prevent the access of rain.

AERONAUTS.

Spiders deliberately plan aerial excursions. After gaining the summits of blades of grass, rails, gates, etc., and straightening their limbs, to be on tip-toe, as it were, they elevate the abdomen, that their silken thread may be carried up by the scarcely perceptible current. When it is drawn out and up into fine lines of several feet in length, the spiders, feeling themselves acted upon with sufficient force in that direction, quit their hold of the objects on which they stand, and commence their journey in free air. On a fine calm day, silky webs of gossamer, the work of spiders in the fields, are often carried into the air, from whence they descend again when the gentle upward current ceases. Juvenile spiders of light weight sometimes get a balloon voyage in this way.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The oldest Cup on Record—The hic-cup.

Caught Napping.—An astute member of the legal profession, looking over some old documents recently, so far forgot himself as to mistake the "will" for the "deed."

Matrimony is hot buckwheat cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, boot-jacks, happiness, etc. Hurrah!

An Italian inn-keeper confessed to a priest, who asked him if he never greased the teeth of his guests' horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. The next time he confessed that he had committed the act several times. "Why," said the priest, "you told me last time that you had never done it." "Holy father," replied the inn-keeper, "I did not know the trick then."

I was sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still sentimental day:
"How I long," said I,
"But to make you cry,
And I'd kiss the bright tears away!"

Fair Cecily blush'd,
Her voice grew hush'd,
I thought she would cry to be sure;
But she lisp'd to me,
Pouting prettily,
"Prevention is better than cure!"

An eminent painter, on being asked what he mixed his colors with to give so fine an effect, answered, "I mix them with brains, Sir."

A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh yes," said he, "my old woman."

A sailor, exhorting at a prayer-meeting in a London chapel, said that on dark stormy nights, while on the sea, he had often been comforted by that beautiful passage of Scripture, "A faint heart never won fair lady."

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Don't scream unless you are frightened.

A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.

It is a fine silk that knows no turning.

Practice (on the piano) makes perfect.

An old maid is an odd boot—no use without a fellow.

The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting ten minutes for his dinner.

Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity—or young man. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion.

The hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

Dreams are the novels that we read when we are fast asleep.

Eyes are the electric telegraph of the heart that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

Slight-of-hand Performance—The girl who rejects an offer of marriage.

THINGS WE SHOULD MUCH LIKE TO SEE.

A fruit tree that keeps away pilferers by its own bark.

Gas that would go out at night and come in again in the morning.

A sauce-pan that will boil over with rage when the cook is insulted.

A clock that is so conceited as not to run down its own works.

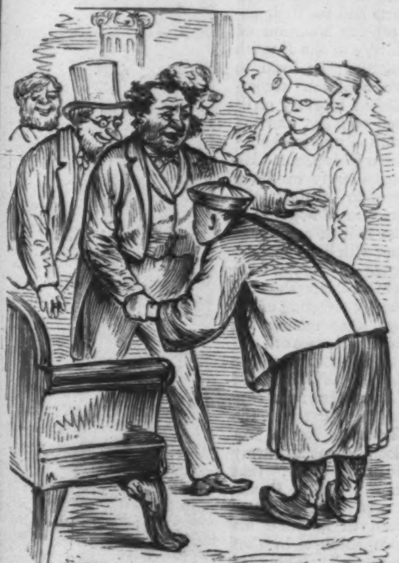
The coat of a poor man's stomach (to see if it is out at the elbows).

"Good-morning, Mr. Henpeck," said a printer in search of female compositors. "Have you got any daughters that would make good type-setters?" "No, but I have got a wife that would make a very fine devil."

A clergyman happening to get wet, was standing over the fire to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in he asked him to preach for him, as he was wet. "No, Sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply; "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

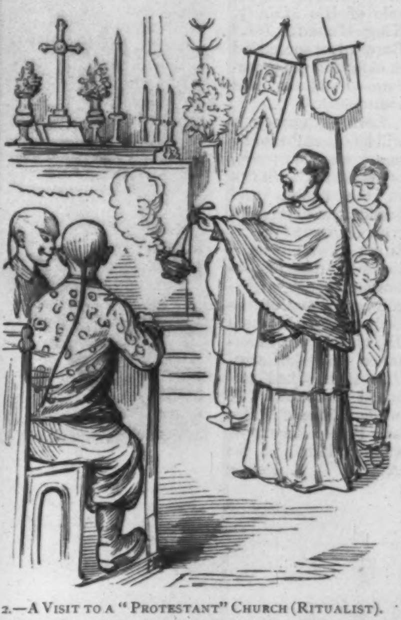
OUR CHINESE CRITICS.

By Our Own Interpreter.



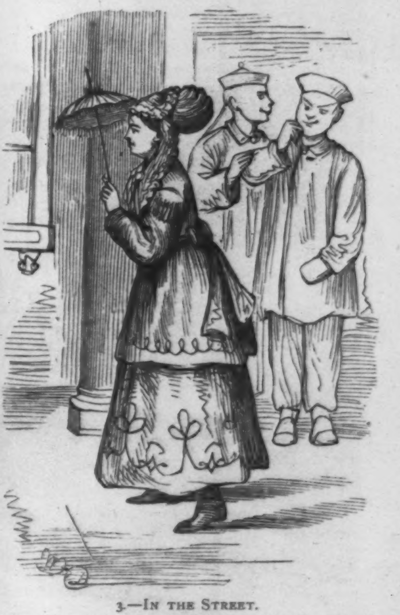
1.—The Introduction to the Municipal Authorities.

Ting Ling. "It is clear, Sing Song, that a red nose is a sign of rank in this country. Bow lowest to that officer with the reddest."



2.—A Visit to a "Protestant" Church (Ritualist).

Sing Song. "Their forms of worship resemble ours, but, judging from the smell, they do not burn incense."



3.—In the Street.

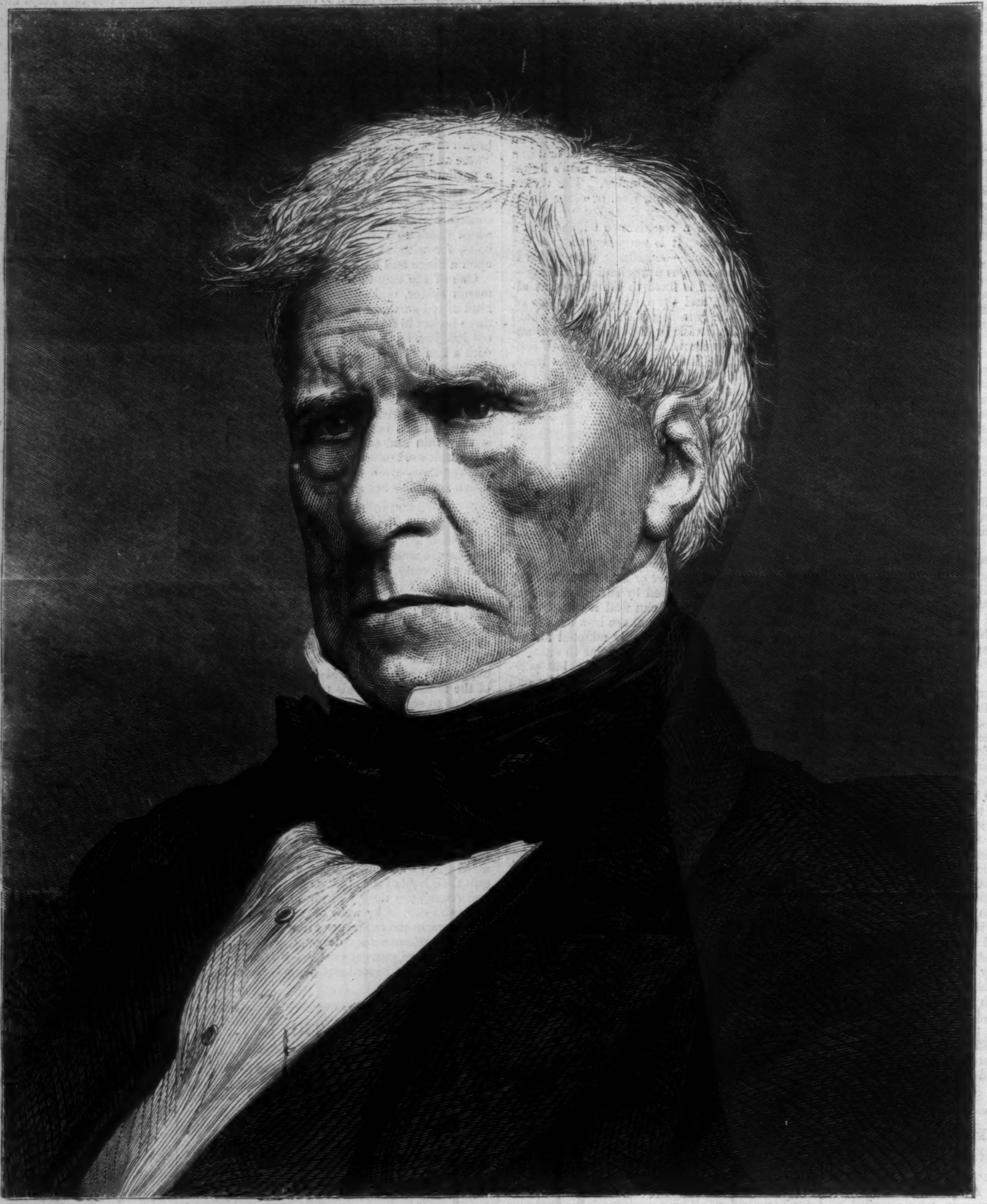
Peck Ing. "Is it to make their huge feet appear smaller that their ladies make their heads so big?"

LORD BROUGHAM.

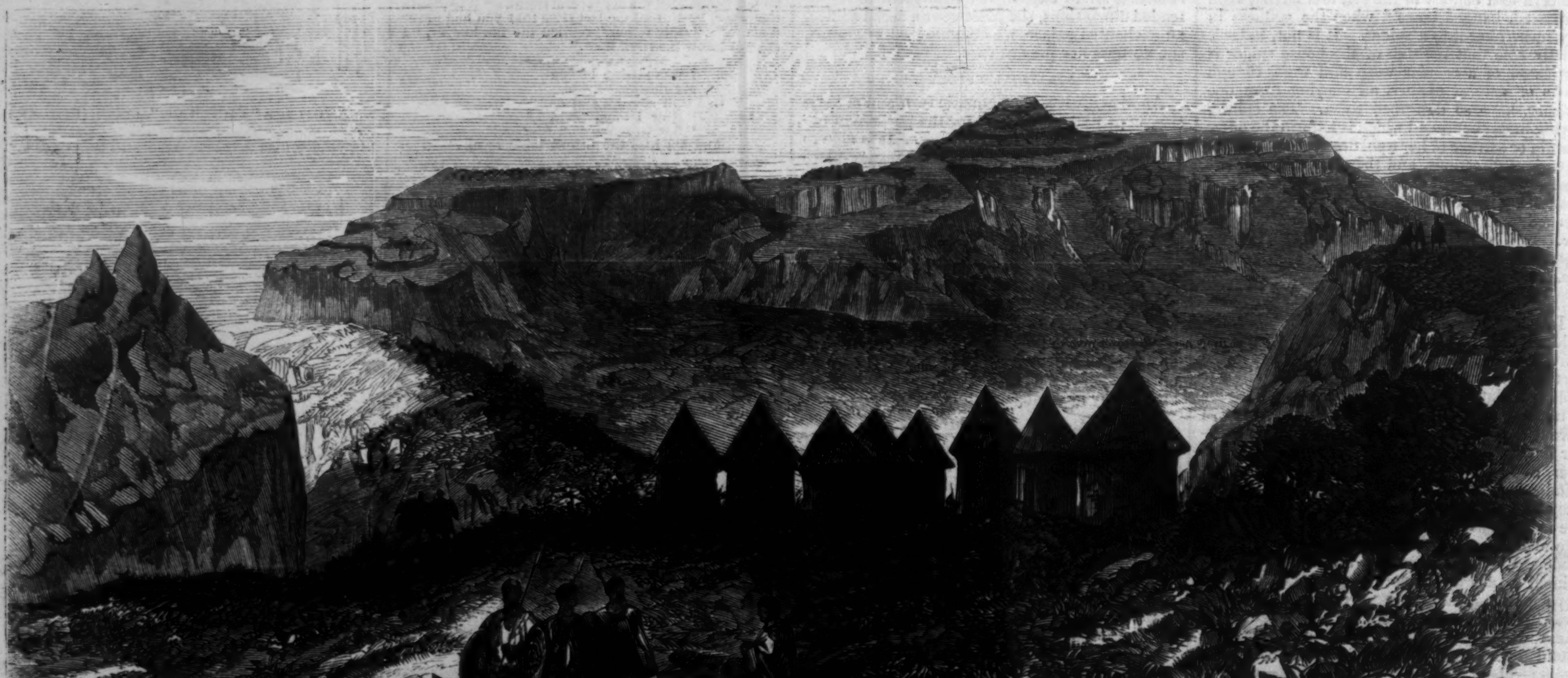
Henry Brougham, who has just died, and of whom we give an admirable portrait on this page, began his political and literary career simultaneously with Palmerston, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, and has survived them all. Not only that, but he has survived the old social and political wrongs which, in conjunction with or in opposition to those famous men, he so vigorously fought. His first practical efforts had for their object the abolition of slavery in the English colonies; he lived to see abolition accomplished in every civilized country, and the work of universal abolition fairly begun. He began early in life a crusade against the practice of flogging in the British army, but met with little encouragement. It is a little remarkable, as showing the bitter feeling of the age, that among the first legal cases of Lord Brougham was the defense of John and Leigh Hunt for saying in their paper, the *Examiner*, while reflecting on an army flogging affair, that their "enemy Bonaparte knew better than to ill-treat his own soldiers in that manner." This, in 1809, was deemed a libel on the Government, and the poet and his brother were prosecuted for sedition in "reflecting on the rule of His Majesty, King George III." Brougham succeeded in defeating the prosecution, and it was abandoned.

Lord Brougham, it will be remembered by many, was the counsel of Queen Caroline in the famous and scandalous divorce suit with George IV. It is not so well known, however, that his retention as such originally grew out of the defense of the brothers Hunt. It was in another case, however. The Hunts had satirized George IV. while Prince of Wales and Prince Regent by calling him "a fat Adonis." A feeling of downright personal animosity to Brougham is said to have been excited by his speech on this occasion in the mind of the Prince. Brougham cherished a no less hearty detestation for the Royal profligate, which was so loudly proclaimed that it led to his being chosen the confidential legal adviser of the Princess of Wales, then already separated from her husband. When George III. died Caroline went to London to assert her rights at the coronation of her husband; these the King denied, and then began the suit for divorce on the charges of adultery. The disgusting trial is a matter of history. Only Brougham seems to have got any credit out of it; and this reputation seems to have been transitory; for it is already questioned by the English papers whether he would not have made more by effecting a compromise, which would have saved the nation the disgrace of such scandalous proceedings and disgusting exposures.

Lord Brougham was most earnestly and usefully employed for many years of his life in the work of extending education among the working-classes; and the amendment of the common-law and judicial administration. He was instrumental, more than any other single man, in the formation of the present prosperous Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the origination of the schools and mechanics' institutes of the present time, the starting of the famous *Penny Magazine*, and the creation of the London University. Brougham goes down to history remembered rather as a law and social reformer, the friend of popular education, and the enemy of slavery, than as a violent and partisan politician and lawyer; and this brighter phase of his character is what posterity will best love to look upon and read about.



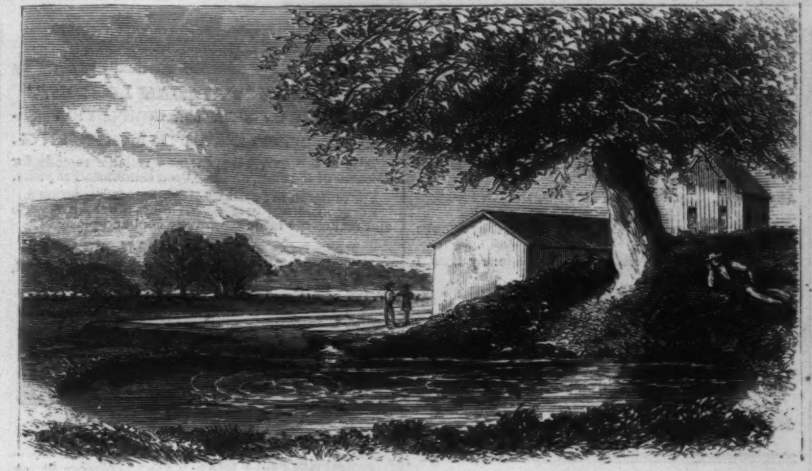
THE LATE LORD HENRY BROUGHAM.



VIEW OF MAGDALA, KING THEODORE'S STRONG-HOLD.—[See Page 375.]

A NEW JERSEY FISH FARM.

The application of science to the artificial propagation and cultivation of fishes has long been recognized as an art. Although it is of no recent date, having been practiced by **Jacobi** at Hanover over a century since, it has but recently received the attention which it deserves. The rediscovery of the process of artificial impregnation of ova by the Vosgean fishermen, **Gekin** and **Remy**, and the founding of the great National French Fish Farm at Huningue, on the Rhine, have resulted in the foundation in Europe of a vast number of fish-breeding establishments; but in this country the subject is only beginning to receive the attention and legislation which it demands. A description of one of the fish farms of this country, that of Mr. **Seth Green**, situated near Caledonia, New York, was given in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1867. On this page of the *Weekly* we present a series of illustrations representing a general view (with some details of the hatching process as there practiced) of the fish farm of Dr. J. H. **Slack**, at Troutdale, near Bloomsbury, New Jersey, sixty-four miles southwest of New York city. The farm, comprising about sixty-eight acres, is in a high state of cultivation, as is the whole of the Muskanetkony Valley, in which it is situated; the well-kept fences and neat buildings, those never-failing signs of industry, bearing witness to the prosperity of the residents.


THE, TROUTDALE SPRING.

THE SPRING.

The artificially-constructed ponds and buildings connected with fish raising, covering in all about two acres, are situated on the right bank of the Muskanetkony Creek, which here forms the boundary between the counties of Warren and Hunterdon; the former being upon the right, the latter upon the left of the stream. These ponds are supplied with a pure crystal water from a large and beautiful spring, from which it flows in a continual stream at the rate of 1000 gallons per minute. This water is, in summer and winter, of the same temperature, 50° Fahrenheit, and reaches the hatching-house and ponds at the same temperature. This is a matter of the greatest importance in fish hatching. In the spring there are about two hundred small trout, naturally bred. From the spring the water is led by a race-way to and circulated through the three ponds and hatching-house. At various points gates or sluices are located, furnished with wire screens, which serve the double purpose of preventing the escape of the fishes and of collecting leaves, sticks, or other articles which may accidentally find their way into the ponds. These screens are cleaned twice a day, except during the autumn, when the falling of the leaves from the trees which overshadow the spring necessitates more constant care.

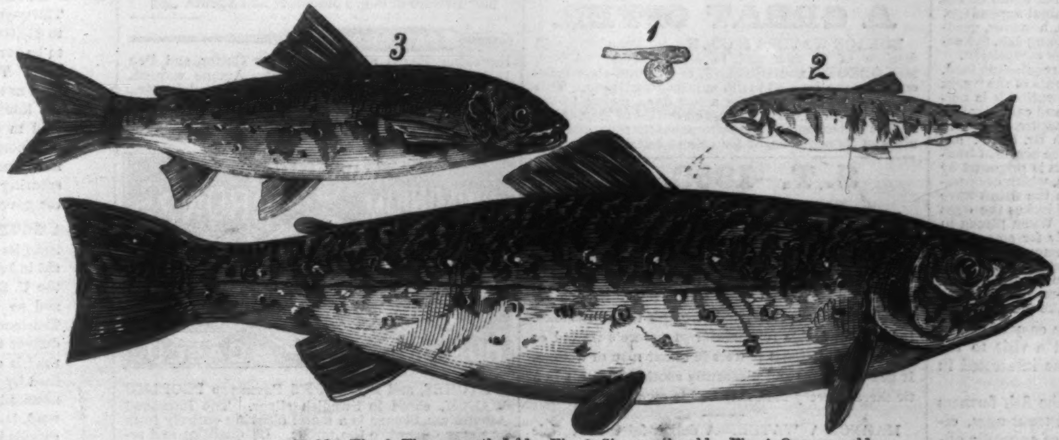
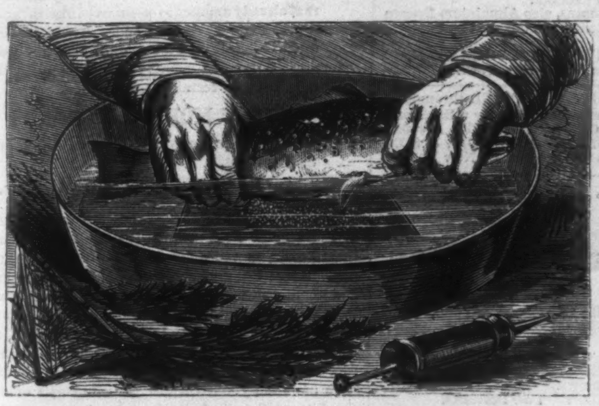


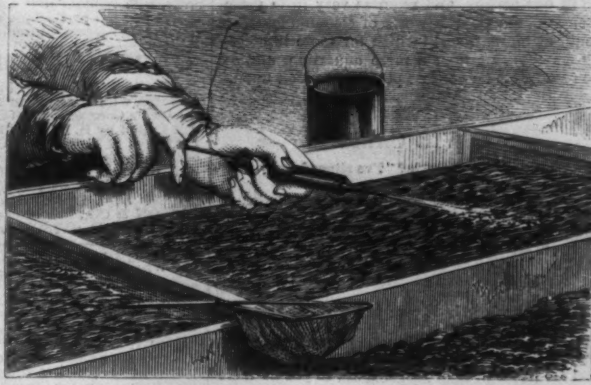
Fig. 1, One week old.—Fig. 2, Three months old.—Fig. 3, Six months old.—Fig. 4, One year old.

THE TROUT AT VARIOUS AGES.

THE PONDS.

The ponds at present contain about seven hundred adult trout, with a few hatched during the winter of 1866–67 by Mr. **Thaddeus Norris**, the well-known angler and former proprietor of the ponds. Some of the fishes are marked by striking peculiarities, and have received distinguishing names. One is known as "Bartimeus," from the fact that he is totally blind, and perfectly black in color; "Lady Douglas" has one side of her head of the same sombre hue. A long, lean, lantern-jawed male is appropriately yclept "Don Quixote;" while a huge three-pounder, who fought it out on the line during the entire spawning season, killing and devouring over a dozen large fishes, is called "General Grant." There was formerly in the large pond a curious parti-colored fish, with irregular spots and streaks of white and black, the colors varying almost weekly, who was known to some of the numerous Democrats in the vicinity as "Horace Greeley;" but he is now no more, having been unfortunately killed and eaten by "General Grant" in December last. The trout is a sad cannibal; "the dog," it is said, "will not eat dog;" but a trout of but one and a half inches will unhesitatingly seize and devour one of his own species two-thirds his own length. Various fishes over a foot long have disappeared from time to time down the capacious throat of "General Grant." On this account three ponds are necessary. The one nearest the hatching-house is now being prepared for the reception of the twenty thousand young trout hatched at Troutdale during the past winter; the middle one is devoted to trout of eight inches and under, while in the third are placed the larger fishes, many of them of a size calculated to cause a lover of "the gentle craft" to infringe upon the Tenth Commandment. The bottoms of the ponds are of clay, upon which have been placed a number of large stones, in order that the trout, by rubbing against them, may free their bodies from the numerous parasites, animal and vegetable, which frequently infest them. Shade is afforded by large floats, secured to the banks by wires. The races are slated, to prevent the crumbling of the banks, their bottoms being covered with small stones, upon which is placed a layer of fine gravel, though the latter is not plentiful in the vicinity.


SECURING THE TROUT SPAWN.


FEEDING THE YOUNG TROUT.

THE HATCHING-HOUSE

is situated upon the right bank of the first pond, and a neat lodge to the westward is occupied as a residence by the assistants.

FEEDING.

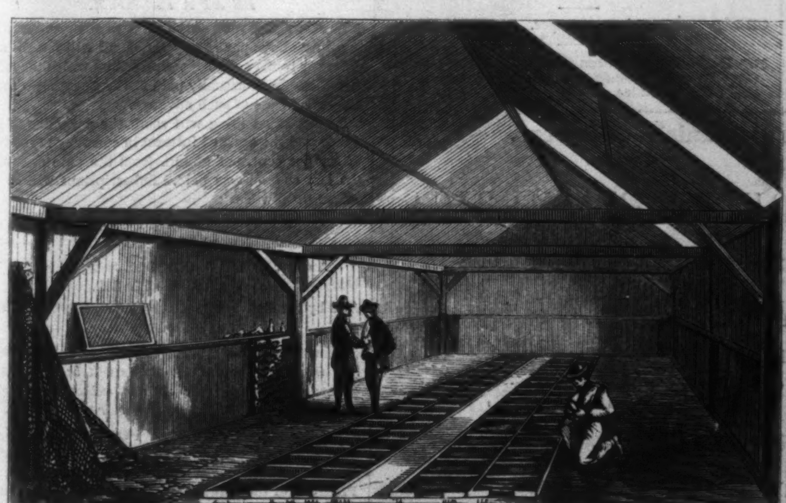
The large trout are fed with curd, the offal from slaughter-houses cut in fine pieces, and fishes, the latter sometimes living. During our visit two living red-fins about four inches in length (*Leuciscus cornutus*) were thrown into the pond; they were immediately seized by two huge trout, who at once retired to the lower end of the pond, there to swallow and digest them at their leisure. The gullets of the captors being shorter than their prey, over an hour elapsed before the tails of the red-fins vanished down the throats of the trout.

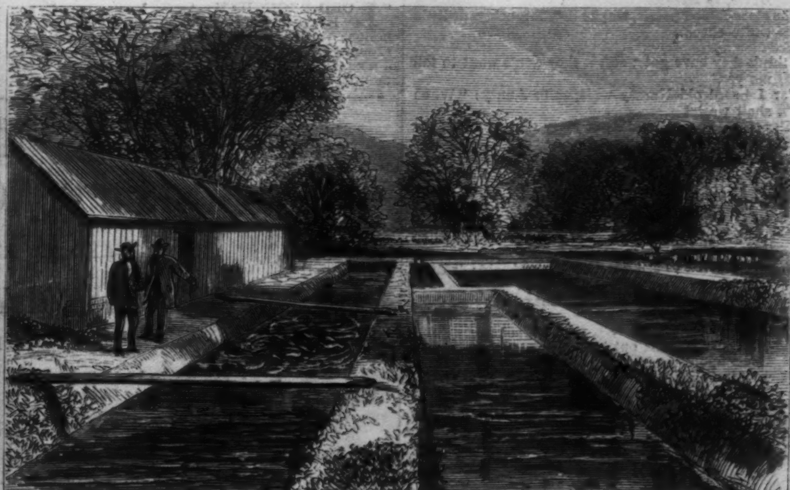
DR. SLACK'S EXPERIENCE.

Dr. **Slack** is a thorough lover of the art and the craft, and as he is also a thoroughly-educated naturalist, his experience and experiments in the artificial hatching of trout ova has a double value and increased interest, and we append it hereto, partly in explanation of some of our illustrations of the process of taking and hatching the eggs.

"About the middle of the month of October, 1857, it became evident that the spawning season was at hand. The colors of the adult fishes began to alter to an extent noticeable by the most unpracticed eye. Losing the bright tints with which they were formerly bedecked, the female trout became dark and sombre in color, putting on a grave and matronly dress. The hues of the males were, on the contrary, more brilliant than previously. Their general color became much lighter, and in the older individuals the lower jaw projected anteriorly, forming a sort of knob. The distension of the abdomen of the female by the eggs caused the section of her body to assume an oval shape, while that of the male resembled the outline of the eye of a broad-axe. Fierce battles took place between the males, the conqueror celebrating his victory by feasting upon the body of the vanquished; the females swam uneasily about the ponds, trying the bottom with their fins, seeking for gravel in which to deposit their eggs. The bottoms of the ponds being formed of clay and large stones, they were obliged to pass into the races for that purpose. These had previously been prepared by covering their bottoms with fine gravel and placing across them obstructions, forming a series of dams and eddies.

On October 30 fishes were perceived in the race busily engaged in forming a nest for the reception of their eggs by removing the fine gravel from a circle of about a foot in diameter. Across the lower end of the raceway a net was quietly placed, and the gate at the race-head closed, by which the flow of water was stopped. To avoid being left high and dry, the fishes were obliged to pass down stream, and were thus captured in the net, the fishes being placed for the nonce in a large tin kettle. About a quart of pure spring water was placed in the impregnating pan: a male was then taken and held in the manner depicted in the engraving, the left hand grasping the neck below the gills, and the right the body just behind the gills. By gentle pressure with the fore and middle fingers of the left hand a quantity of the milt was expressed, the amount being farther increased by gentle friction toward the tail. This was continued until the water became opalescent or pearly


THE TROUTDALE HATCHING-HOUSE.


THE TROUTDALE FISH-PONDS.

A FISH FARM IN NEW JERSEY.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

in its appearance. A female was then taken and treated in precisely the same manner, eggs instead of milt being extruded. The eggs and milt were allowed to remain in contact for about fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which time they were carefully washed. It has been ascertained by experiment that fifteen grains of the milty fluid of the male is sufficient to impregnate ten thousand eggs; but in practice a much greater quantity is used. The bottom of the impregnating pan, as shown in the same drawing, having a depression calculated to hold one thousand eggs, the quantity obtained could be readily estimated. The eggs average one-sixth of an inch in diameter, and weigh one grain each.

"After being thus secured the eggs were taken to the hatching-house, which had been made ready for their reception in the following manner: The hatching-trough had been filled to the depth of two inches with fine gravel carefully boiled to destroy the eggs of any insects which might have been present; over this a gentle stream of water from the spring, filtered through four screens of fine flannel, was conducted. Upon the gravel the eggs were placed, the greatest care being taken to avoid any sudden jar, as the recently impregnated egg requires the most gentle handling lest its suddenly acquired life be as suddenly extinguished. After resting in their new location for a few moments they were evenly spread over the bottoms of the troughs by means of a fine feather. During the entire process the eggs had not for an instant been exposed to the atmosphere.

"This process of impregnating and depositing in the hatching-house was repeated semi-daily until January 12, 1868, during which period about seventy-five thousand eggs were taken. Experience shows that from a trout of one pound about one thousand eggs is the average yield; but owing to causes entirely beyond the control of the proprietor, only twenty thousand hatched. The dead eggs were removed daily, being readily distinguished by turning snow white, those still retaining their vitality resembled small pearls, being translucent and slightly clouded. The first young appeared December 10, forty days after the impregnation of the eggs.

"When first hatched, the young presented the grotesque appearance shown in the smaller figure of the cut of the trout. The ungainly abdominal appendage, technically termed the 'yolk sack,' is, however, gradually absorbed into the body of the young fish, the entire process requiring six weeks for its completion.

"During this period the young trout requires no food, being nourished entirely by the contents of the "yolk sack:" but immediately after its absorption it is necessary that they should be regularly and carefully fed. Various substances, all of an animal nature, have been tried, but after various experiments Dr. SLACK has found the muscular fibre composing the hearts of beef-cattle to be the most suitable. This is prepared by being chopped into minute fragments, which are passed through a fine wire-sieve. When the fishes have attained the length of one and a half inches the eggs of other fish are employed as food. When placed in the first pond they will be fed entirely for some time upon maggots, the larvæ of the common blue-bottle fly. The appearance of these disgusting, though to the pisciculturalist useful little animals, are regarded as fixing the period at which the transfer from the hatching-house to the pond should take place."

Troutdale, as we have stated, is easy of access from the city of New York, and a visit to the ponds would amply repay any one interested in the art or science of pisciculture.

It is a part of the business of the fish farmers to furnish in season impregnated trout-eggs, either for the stocking of ponds or of scientific observation and research. They can be carefully packed and forwarded by express to any point with full directions or under the care of a competent person. By means of a small apparatus invented by Dr. SLACK, which can be placed in an office or library, the fishes can be hatched without the necessity for a hatching-house. This apparatus is not unlike the aquarium in common use in our parlors, and requires very little more attention, though the work of "manufacturing trout" at home would furnish far more interesting employment than a mere aquarium, and at the same time be not less pleasant to look upon.

DAVIE CARR.

Are you asleep, little Davie? I've slipped away from the gloom;
It was, oh, so dreary to play in the lonely, darkened school-room:
The blinds are all pulled down, and our books are upon the shelf;
But I don't care for holidays, Davie, when I've no one to play but myself.

You are fast asleep, little coz; so I won't disturb you, but croon
So softly it will not awake you, but seem like a bit of a tune
You are listening to in your dreams, as you lie there so pale and still.
Your pretty red color is gone; I wonder, dear, when it will

Come back: but you've lain so long in that wearisome bed, I suppose
It will hardly come back before the time of the bright June rose.
When the angels that love the flowers come, little Davie, to streak
The close-folded petals, maybe they'll touch your little white cheek.

I think they have got a secret they don't want to tell me yet,
For I heard old Nursey whisper to Aunty: "When shall we let
Miss Nesta know?" and Aunt Mary said nothing, but turned to the wall.
But when you're up, Davie, they'll find we are sharp enough for them all.

I'm tired of holidays, Davie; I'd like to do lessons again,
But Aunty looked just as you know she looks when her brow is in pain,
When I offered to bring my books, and said: "Little Nesta, nay;
Never mind books just now: you may go to your dolls and play."

And when she went out just now with that grieved look upon her face
(I wasn't naughty to bring it there, Davie), I stole from the place,
And I left Miss Doll on the floor in her grand new frock that I've made:
I'll show it you when you awake, but that won't be yet, I'm afraid.

I've minded your toys for you, Davie; your little pet bird I have fed;
And you couldn't have taken more care of your garden yourself, Robert said:
There are funny green letters sprung up, you'd never guess what they are;
It's a secret, but then you're asleep: D. C. for your name—Davie Carr.

They've cut off your nice little curls; 'twas a pity, I think; but maybe
You'll be just as happy without them; they won't get tangled, you see.
Your hands were brown when you sickened, and now they are just as white
As Aunty's; and how did you keep the bed-clothes so tidy all night?

You are sleeping a long while, Davie. Oh dear, I'm afraid if I stay
Any longer, they'll find me here; so I think I will go away.
If I kiss you I may awake you; so good-by: make haste to get well;
I am, oh so lonely without you, more lonely than I can tell.

Burnett's Kalliston removes Tan and Freckles, and imparts a velvety softness to the skin.

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are unlike any others, and they are called the best.

Burnett's Cologne is unrivalled in richness and delicacy.—*Baltimore American.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN. The *only reliable Remedy* for those *Brown Discolorations* on the face is PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. ☞ Sold every where.

For BLACK WORMS *and* PIMPLES *on the* FACE, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Order from Druggist, or Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y.

A GREAT OFFER.

HORACE WATERS & CO., No. 481 Broadway, will dispose of 15 new and 10 second-hand PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of five first-class makers, and take from $5 to $15 monthly until paid. This offer will be continued for a few days, owing to the large number of Pianos returned the 1st of May. Also, 50 new and second-hand instruments for rent, and rent allowed if purchased, or for sale at bargains for cash.

S. T.—1860.—X.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad, how many poor, miserable, Dyspeptic people I see, who would be healthy, and rosy, and happy, if they took Plantation Bitters, that paragon of preparations for giving tone to the stomach, energy to the torpid liver, a joy to the nervous system, and strength to the muscles. It is an admirable regenerator f nature's wasted or neglected functional powers in either man or woman. It gently excites and pleasantly soothes. With a bottle thereof, every man may be his own physician.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article —superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

THE MASKED BALL, and other tales; Useful Recipes; Scientific Articles; Puzzles; Illustrations, etc., etc., will be found in "MAPLE LEAVES" for June. Only 25 cents a year. Send subscriptions to O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau Street, New York.

WORKINGMEN'S NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD. Every member of this organization is *absolutely sure of 100,000 dollars' worth of property within five years, with remunerative employment from the beginning.* For full particulars, address A. T. PECK, Corresponding Secretary Premier Lodge, Danbury, Conn.

CARMINA COLLEGENSIA:

A Complete Collection of the Songs of the American Colleges, with Piano-forte Accompaniment, to which is added a Compendium of College History. Collected and Edited by H. R. WAITE. This volume contains the Songs of Twenty-one Colleges, selected in reference to quality, permanency, and general interest, and is the largest collection of Student Songs in print. Prices: *In Cloth, emblematically embossed,* $2 25; *Extra Gilt Edge,* $3 00. Mailed, postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, N. Y.

THE GREAT MYSTERY. Fountain's improved "PLANCHETTE." This wonderful and amusing automaton, interesting both old and young, sent by express; price $2 50. Agents and trade supplied on liberal terms. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—"MEN OF OUR DAY," a great national work; concise and reliable; complete in one attractive volume, giving just what every man now wants, the Lives and Deeds of Grant, Colfax, and all the leading men of the nation (A. J. excepted), by Dr. L. P. Brockett, the popular Biographical Editor of "Appleton's Cyclopædia." ☞ Be sure the book you get contains *over* 600 pages, *over* 50 biographies, and 42 fine steel portraits, at a less price than is charged for smaller and inferior works that can make no claim to completeness. Send for Circular. ZIEGLER, McCURDY, & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

"LORD BROUGHAM; Abbot Lawrence; Zadok Pratt; Miss L. A. Pittsinger; Peter Van Cornelius; Verdi the Composer; Bishop McCloskey; a group of Beautiful Women, in July No. Phrenological Journal. Only 30c., or $3 a year. In clubs of 10, six months on trial, $10. S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N.Y.

FRECKLES, PIMPLES, TAN,
MOTH-BLOTCHES, SUNBURN,
and all eruptions of the SKIN effectually removed by
PHALON'S "PAPHIAN LOTION."
Renders the SKIN and COMPLEXION
SOFT, FAIR, and BLOOMING.

This is the only harmless and reliable remedy for diseases of the skin, and has been established 25 years.

For *ladies* in the *nursery* it is of great importance.
For *gentlemen* after *shaving* it allays the smarting pain and makes the face delightfully cool and pleasant.

PHALON'S "PAPHIAN SOAP"
for the *toilet, nursery,* and *bath,* delightfully perfumed, 25 cents per cake. Sold every where.

A NEW PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

OROIDE Gold Watch Co., 78 Nassau St., express superb Watches, $10 each, C.O.D., warranted.

BARTLETT MACHINE and NEEDLE DEPOT, 569 Broadway, N.Y. Needles, &c., for all Machines.

BARTLETT'S Reversible Sewing Machines are the *lowest-priced reliable* Machines. Examine different styles, or send stamp for circular to Depot, 569 Broad'y.

GENUINE BARTLETT SEWING MACHINES are now provided with a guarantee bearing the trade-mark and signature of J. W. BARTLETT, the Patentee, from the Depot, 569 Broadway, New York City. ☞ Beware of bogus Machines and Agents. ☜

PAT. ERASER

Burnisher, Pencil Sharpener, Paper Cutter, and Pen Holder combined. Sells at sight. Agents wanted. Can make $10 a day. Samples sent by mail for 30c., or two styles for 50c. Address, MORSE ERASER CO., 404 Library Street, Philadelphia.

IMPROVED
ALUMINIUM
BRONZE
NAPOLEON III EMPEREUR
ROSKOPF
HUNTING
CASED

WATCHES, and ROSKOPF'S Patented PEOPLE'S WATCH, cased in Swedish silver. The Improved Aluminium Bronze is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. Its qualities and resemblance to Gold are such that even judges have been deceived. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition. The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers. Price, from $16 to $22.

Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent postpaid on demand.

A full assortment of Chains, also Aluminium Bronze Cases for Waltham Watches. Goods sent by express, C.O.D., with charges.

Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN,
No. 44 Nassau Street, New York.

GRANT!—AGENTS WANTED throughout the United States to canvass for the only reliable and standard PORTRAIT OF GEN. GRANT. For particulars, address FABRONIUS, GURNEY, & SON, 707 Broadway, New York.

CHEAP EDITION
OF
QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOOKS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have just Published:

THE EARLY YEARS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT. Compiled, under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey. Two Portraits.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF OUR LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS, from 1848 to 1861. To which are prefixed and added Extracts from the same Journal, giving an account of Earlier Visits to Scotland, and Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions. Engravings. Edited by Arthur Helps.

CHEAP EDITION. 12mo, Paper. 25 CENTS EACH.

☞ Harper & Brothers will send the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

Completion of Helps's Spanish Conquest.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA
AND ITS RELATION TO
THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY
AND TO
THE GOVERNMENT OF COLONIES.
By ARTHUR HELPS.

Four Vols., 12mo, Cloth. Price, $1 50 per vol.
Vol. IV., completing the work, has just been published.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ *Sent by Mail to any part of the United States, postage prepaid, on receipt of the Price.*

600 MILES
OF THE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD

Are now finished and in operation. Sixty miles of track have been laid this spring, and the work along the whole line between the Atlantic and Pacific States is being pushed forward more rapidly than ever before. More than twenty thousand men are employed, and it is not impossible that the entire track, from Omaha to Sacramento, will be finished in 1869 instead of 1870. The means provided are ample, and all that energy, men, and money can do to secure the completion of this

GREAT NATIONAL WORK,

at the earliest possible day, will be done.

The UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY receive:

I.—**A GOVERNMENT GRANT** of the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations.

II.—**A GOVERNMENT GRANT** of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of its road. This is an absolute donation, and will be a source of large revenue in the future.

III.—**A GOVERNMENT GRANT** of United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built. The government takes a second mortgage as security, and it is expected that not only the interest, but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the company in transporting troops, mails, &c. The interest is now much more than paid in this way, besides securing a great saving in time and money to the government.

IV.—**A GOVERNMENT GRANT** of the right to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, to aid in building the road, to the same amount as the U. S. Bonds, issued for the same purpose, and *no more.* The Government Permits the Trustees for the First Mortgage Bondholders to deliver the Bonds to the company only as the road is completed, and after it has been examined by United States Commissioners and pronounced to be in all respects a first-class railroad, laid with a heavy T rail, and completely supplied with depots, stations, turnouts, car-shops, locomotives, cars, &c.

V.—**A CAPITAL STOCK SUBSCRIPTION** from the stockholders, of which *over Eight Million Dollars* have been paid in upon the work already done, and which will be increased as the wants of the company require.

VI.—**NET CASH EARNINGS** on its Way Business, that already amount to more than the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

Are Secure beyond any Contingency.

The Company have abundant means in their treasury, and make no appeal to the public to purchase their Bonds, as the daily subscriptions are entirely satisfactory; but they submit that, for entire security and liberal returns, there is certainly no better investment in the market.

The Union Pacific Bonds are for $1000 each, and have coupons attached. They have thirty years to run, and bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July, at the company's office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal is payable in gold at maturity. At the present rate of gold, these Bonds pay an annual income on their cost of

NEARLY NINE PER CENT.,
AND IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY MAY SOON BE AT A PREMIUM.

The Company reserve the right to advance the price to a rate above par at any time, and will not fill any orders or receive any subscriptions on which the money has not been actually paid at the Company's office before the time of such advance.

Parties subscribing will remit the par value of the bonds and the accrued interest in currency at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the date on which the last coupon was paid. Subscriptions will be received in New York

AT THE COMPANY'S OFFICE,
No. 20 NASSAU ST.,
And by JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers,
No. 59 WALL ST.,
And by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in Drafts or other funds par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the company's offices, or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
May 25, 1868. NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY

RECEIVE THEIR TEAS BY THE CARGO FROM
THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF
CHINA AND JAPAN,
and sell them in quantities to suit customers
AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.

MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.

IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.

GREEN (unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c.; best, 35c. per lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N.B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third (besides the Express charges) by sending directly to

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are

BOGUS OR IMITATIONS.

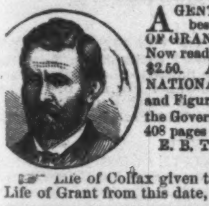
We have no branches, and do not in any case authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE Orders and Drafts make payable to the Order of

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

Direct Letters and Orders as below (no more, no less):

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.



AGENTS WANTED—FOR THE best and most reliable LIFE OF GRANT, by Hon. J. T. Headley. Now ready. In one handsome Vol. $2.50. Also just issued THE NATIONAL HAND-BOOK of Facts and Figures from the foundation of the Government to the present time, 408 pages $1.50. Sent Post paid.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers,
654 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ Life of Colfax given to every subscriber to the Life of Grant from this date, June 1, 1868.

BOOSEY'S
CHEAP MUSIC.

Parlor Piano-Forte Music. In Books, Fifty Cents Each.

Brinley Richards's and G. A. Osborne's Twelve Fantasias	50c.
Schumann's Twenty-two Pieces	50c.
Leybach's Six Popular Fantasias	50c.
Kuhe's Eight Fantasias	50c.
Strauss's Seven New Waltzes, etc.	50c.
Mendelssohn's Music to Midsummer Night's Dream, complete	50c.

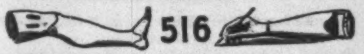
Mailed on receipt of price. Catalogues of cheap musical publications on application.

BOOSEY & CO., No. 644 Broadway, New York.

EMPLOYMENT. $15 00 to $30 00 a day guaranteed. Male or Female Agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars *free*. Address JAMES C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

THE LITTLE JOKER—Full of Fun—and an exquisite PHOTOGRAPH, beautifully Colored, will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by

W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., New York.



ARTIFICIAL LEGS AND ARMS.

Selpho's Patent are the best. They are light, strong, and durable—have stood the longest test of any, and contain latest improvements. Pamphlets free. Address SELPHO & SON, 516 Broadway, New York.

"ECONOMY is Wealth:" Franklin. Why will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine when $25 will buy a better one for all *practical* purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "DIAMOND" Machines can be had in any quantity. This Machine is a double thread, complete with Table, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel all others, as thousands of patrons will testify. ☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address

J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

☞ TO CLUBS.—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

☞ CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or *can* make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORKS,

FOURTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN AVENUES B AND C, NEW YORK.

D. D. BADGER, President.
N. CHENEY, Vice-President.

Fire-proof Buildings of every description, and every kind of Iron Work for Building Purposes, also for Bridges.

"TRY IT." A $3 Magazine, in clubs of 10, sent half a year, "*on trial*," for $10, or only $1 each! THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. New Vol.—48th—begins with July No. S. R. WELLS, 389 B'dway, N.Y.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER,

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.

DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

Imitation Ivory Goods.

Great Improvements made: 3 New Patents received.
MARTINGALE RINGS, $18 and $20 single gross.
SHEET BUTTONS, red, white, blue, $4 per gross.
BILLIARD BALLS, $9 and $10 per set.
CHECKS, $8, $10, and $12 per 100.

Also a great variety of Ivory, Pearl, and Gilt Sleeve Buttons, $18 to $150 per gross pair.

WM. M. WELLING, 571 Broadway, New York.

THE NEW $1 WATCH.—The Magnetic Pocket Time-Keeper and Compass, handsome case, glass crystal, white dial, steel and metal works, watch size, good order; will denote correct time. Warranted for two years. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Sent by mail for $1; 3 for $2; or by Express, C.O.D., on receipt of order. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

"YOUNG MEN" who seek personal improvement and promotion; YOUNG WOMEN who would "like to do something;" Parents, Teachers, and others may have the $3 ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL six months, in clubs of 10, "on trial," at $1 each. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED.

OLIVER OPTIC'S

DIKES AND DITCHES;

OR,

Young America in Holland and Belgium.

16mo. Illustrated by Thos. Nast. $1 50.

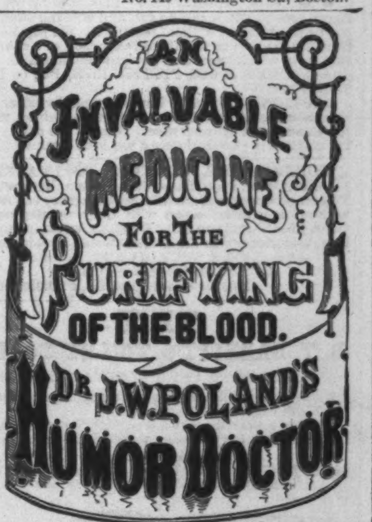
Uniform with

OUTWARD BOUND; or, YOUNG AMERICA AFLOAT.
SHAMROCK AND THISTLE; or, YOUNG AMERICA IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.
RED CROSS; or, YOUNG AMERICA IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers,
No. 149 Washington St., Boston.

LARGE SIZE, PRICE $1 00.



A positive remedy for all kinds of *Humor*, *Scrofula*, *Scurvy*, *Salt Rheum*, *Erysipelas*, *Nettle Rash*, *Boils*, *Carbuncles*, *Ulcers*, and all Obstinate Affections of the Skin; Mercurial Diseases, and every Taint of the System; *Dyspepsia*, and those diseases originating in the Derangement of the Digestive Organs, viz.: Billious Complaints, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Headache, Languor, Loss of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Costiveness. Prepared at the **NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT**, under the supervision of GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Boston, Mass.

"HUSBANDS AND WIVES" may learn something to their advantage by reading the PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, at $3 a year, or, in clubs of 10, "*on trial*," from July to January, at $1 each. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

1841. S. DAVIS, JR.'S

Celebrated DIAMOND HAMS,

Cincinnati. Sold by leading Grocers in chief cities. READ & ROUNDEY, Cor. Beaver and New Sts., N. Y.

Nature is the Great Physician.

This is now admitted, by the medical profession, as a fundamental principle of healing science. It is wisely provided by the human economy that whenever any thing is wrong in the physical system the natural forces of the body are brought to bear to expel the disease. The great aim, therefore, is to strengthen the natural powers. This has been kept in view by the skillful compounders of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

which operates to give fresh vitality to all the organs of the body. The effect of this medicine upon the stomach, the liver, and the kidneys is prompt and decisive. The patient who is wise enough to quit drugging and try the BITTERS soon feels as if he had taken a new lease of life; and, as he continues the use of the article, he is overjoyed to find the streams of health coursing through his frame. It is prepared with great care, and its component parts are entirely vegetable. It is free from the objections so often urged against preparations of the kind. As a MEDICAL AGENT it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing, and efficient. All who have used HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS attest its virtues and commend it to use.

Even those who are in the enjoyment of perfect health frequently have need to have recourse to tonics as preventives of disease. We are never too well armed against the assaults of "the ills that flesh is heir to." In health or sickness this tonic can not be taken regularly without giving vitality and elasticity to the system.

$20 A DAY CLEARED.—Agents wanted every where. Send for circular. HYSON & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, and NEWS-DEALERS.

DIARIES FOR 1869.

The AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY'S List of Diaries for 1869 will be issued in JUNE. We would advise dealers to look at our prices before buying their stock. Lists furnished on application.

WANTED, AGENTS, To sell by sample a *combined* SQUARE, LEVEL, and BEVEL. Great inducements offered. County rights for sale on most liberal terms. For particulars, address

W. S. BATCHELDER & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

"THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION," with 12 Portraits of the most distinguished living Bishops and Priests in America. See July No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Only 30 cents, or $3 a year. Newsmen have it. S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL. Stencil Tool samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

$5 NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. *Simple, rapid, strong, easy, reliable, elegant.* Warranted. Stitch alike on both sides. Double Thread. Awarded *Medals*. Single Machines sent FREE on receipt of $5. Family Sewing Machine Co., 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

Campaign Sleeve-Buttons.

IMITATION IVORY.

Perfect Likenesses of Grant and Colfax,
in relief. *Red, White, Blue, Black,* and *Brown.*
$1 00 per pair. Sent free on receipt of price.
Large Discount to the Trade.
WM. M. WELLING, Patentee, 571 Broadway, N. Y.
AGENTS WANTED.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
Publish this Day:

Love or Marriage?

A NOVEL.
BY WILLIAM BLACK.
8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

An interesting plot, honest, earnest thought, and graceful language.—*London Review.*

The composition of a cultivated mind; it is full of thought, of careful writing, of pithy, of pungent, of epigrammatical remarks, and it is eloquent in suggestiveness.—*London Leader.*

The tale is simple enough, but well told, and in that lies its chief charm.—*Athenæum.*

This novel is one of great power....It is certainly the production of an imagination—we may almost say of a genius—which we should conceive fully capable of works of art that might live.—*Spectator.*

There is a freshness and freedom from affectation about this book that is extremely captivating....It is a long time since we read a story of every-day life with such unflagging interest.—*Examiner.*

The value of this book is not to be measured by as much of the plot as we have outlined. In the first place, we must take it out of the category of works composed by the Camillas who skim over the fields of fiction and display their ankles in the flight. The characters of Helstone and old Glencairn are well conceived and developed. The latter especially is a good study, and seems to have been thought out fully and carefully by the author.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The author who can thus rivet the attention of the reader has accomplished no small victory in novel-writing, and such a victory is Mr. Black's beyond all question.—*Star.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Sent by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

☞ ON TRIAL.☜ Ten copies of a first-class $3 Magazine six months, "on trial," for $10. The PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL sent in clubs of 10, from July to January, at only $1 a copy. A new volume—48th—begins with the July No.

THINK OF IT. Get one of the best Scientific and Literary Monthlies ever published. The *Trenton Monitor* says of it: "A periodical which, more perhaps than any other publication in the world, is calculated to do good to its readers." All should read it.

Terms as above—no deviation—money with the club, in registered letter, or in P. O. order. Address S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

Crawford's Garden Cultivator.

Hand Machine for all kinds of Garden Cultivation. Warranted to do the work of four men. Send for Circulars. BLYMYER, NORTON, & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SORGO HAND-BOOK.

Our Ninth Annual Sorgo Hand-Book,

Giving the most reliable information on Manufacturing Sorghum Sirup, the result of 11 years' personal experience, with full description of the celebrated *Cook Evaporator* and *Victor Cane Mill*—sent free to all applicants. BLYMYER, NORTON, & CO., Cincinnati, O.

Presidential Campaign, 1868.

NOW is the TIME for AGENTS to make MONEY.

Sample lot of twelve different elegant styles of GRANT and COLFAX Medals, Badges, and Pins sent postpaid on receipt of $2 00. Also in press, and will be ready June 10th, *the Grant and Colfax Campaign Songster*, brimful of new and original Songs for the Campaign, adapted to popular airs. Price 25 Cents.

Also, *People's Edition Illustrated Campaign Life of Grant and Colfax*, with *Republican Platform* and *Campaign Matter* specially pertinent to the issue. Price 25 Cents. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted every where. Liberal inducements. Address

B. W. HITCHCOCK, 98 Spring St., N. Y.
Headquarters for all kinds of Campaign Goods.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE

Novelty Iron Works,

Nos. 77 and 83 Liberty Street,
Cor. Broadway, New York.

Plain and Ornamental Iron Work of all kinds for Buildings.

"BEAUTIFUL WOMEN." National types: English, French, German, Austrian, Turkish, Russian, Grecian, Swiss, Polish, Chinese, Swedish, Dutch, Japanese, etc., with portraits, in July No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 30 cts., or $3 a year; clubs of 10, six months "*on trial*" for $10. S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N.Y.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world."

Harper's Magazine.

In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story*," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

In the first Number for 1868 was commenced the issue of "*The Moonstone*," a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," &c.

The model newspaper of our country.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY form a remarkable series of brief political essays.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Harper's Bazar.

In it is now being published "*The Household Angel*," a Novel, by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

The BAZAR, as an intelligent critic upon all feminine topics, will doubtless become the *Queen* of American newspapers.—*Albion.*

TERMS FOR HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00.

☞ HARPER'S PERIODICALS will be delivered to City Subscribers without extra charge.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY, each containing the Numbers for a Year, will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid by the Publishers.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to pre-pay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In ordering the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar,—$1 00 per Line, each insertion.

UOFM